

COUNTRY LIFE

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SPEAGHT,

LADY HASTINGS AND HER CHILDREN.

157, New Bond Street, W

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

OFFICES:—20, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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The British Association and the War.

IN another column we make some reference to the investigations carried out by the British Association as to the relative cost of the various wars of the last two hundred years. The Association exists for the advancement of science, and its financial investigation, therefore, lay well within its scope, but the study of statistics is only one, and, perhaps, the least important, method by which men of science can help to win this war and to prevent others. To illustrate this dictum it is only necessary to consider the food supply. Science can find guarantees far stronger than those suggested by Lord Milner's Committee. One of the subjects to be discussed at Manchester is that of producing or rather making available the manure in peat. No one can doubt of its existence, because peat is vegetable life and tissue gathered and stored during the course of many centuries, but hitherto it has not been directly available as manure, because the agency to liberate the chemicals had not been

discovered. Under war pressure, however, a theory, if it holds good, is quickly changed to practice. A few years ago a method was found out by which fertilising elements in peat could be made available as a manure.

Now this is a matter of very great importance. First, because bountiful crops have become a necessity to a country surrounded by a sea in which submarines prowl, and secondly, there has been a stoppage of the usual source of manurial supply. As long as horses were in general town use for purposes of haulage, the difficulty was to get the manure taken away from the stables, but as mechanical traction has been substituted for animal, the difficulty has been vastly increased. Along with that has come a great depreciation in the quality of the manure. It is common among farmers to say that town manure consists almost as much of broken bottles as of anything else, the reason being, of course, that so many stables are empty. If, however, the vast accumulations of peat which have been stored on our moorlands can be utilised for manurial purposes, the effect on the whole food supply will indeed be immense.

There is another and equally important field in which science may work towards the improvement of the food supply. This is the waste land, of which the surface of Great Britain consists to such a large extent. Our ancestors, with infinite labour and patience, tried in vain to bring these tracts into cultivation. They took the wrong method, and so millions of pounds were wasted in the effort, although it is only fair to say that the success in a few districts was equally remarkable. The Duke of Bedford's Thorney estate and the great portion of Lincolnshire, which previously had been swamp and morass, are cases in point, nor do they stand alone.

East and west, and north and south will be found fields now bearing valuable crops that once were yellow with broom or purple with heather. The expense and labour, however, were so great that the profits in the lifetime of a generation did not pay for them. Pioneers have been able to effect great and munificent changes in this. A knowledge of the chemistry of the soil has given the husbandman a key to methods of treatment that would be far more effective than those of old times and not nearly so expensive. True, the British landowner and the British farmer are slow to recognise this. Land has the effect of making men conservative and loth to change ancient methods and customs, but science invariably overcomes this inertia in the end. A few pioneers only require to show that the waste spaces of the earth can be made fruitful and everybody who has the opportunity will try and follow their example. Here we are still only at the beginning. Among the demonstrations to be made at a forthcoming meeting of the British Association is one which shows that potatoes can be grown in a small box without earth or other nutrient except watering once a week with a prepared fluid. It would take a long story to explain to our lay readers the history and development of this discovery, and we mention it only to show the boundless facilities in food production opened up by science. The time may easily arrive when the food of an entire community may be grown in an incredibly small space, and in an equally incredibly short time, at the elbow, so to speak, of the town. Of course, it all falls into line with the wonderful history of human progress—what men have done always being simply an earnest of the things that they shall do. But it is essential that agriculture should not sit idly by while science is advancing. The English farmer of the late eighteenth and middle nineteenth centuries was the ablest and most enterprising in the world, easily leading other countries in production. But for a quarter of a century he has been resting on his laurels while others were struggling forward. It behoves him to keep an open mind, not to run wildly into new adventure, but to test and try whatever is authoritatively set before him. That furnishes the only chance of regaining a position which will, otherwise, be irretrievably lost.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece is a portrait of Lady Hastings and her three children. Lady Hastings is a daughter of Lord H. G. R. Nevill, and married Lord Hastings in 1907. Her husband is serving as an officer in the Norfolk Yeomanry.

** It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

COUNTRY



NOTES

THERE are two utterances of the past week which stand out as being of the utmost importance. They come respectively from the Czar and Mr. A. J. Balfour. Nothing could have been more dignified, resolute and inspiring than the brief but poignant address of the Emperor. It does not breathe a syllable of discouragement or depression, but is a trumpet call to the Russian people. They are asked to lay aside all minor interests and devote themselves heart and soul to the great task of the moment, the preparation of men and material to drive back the invader. The Czar spoke with confident assurance that the task, though great, is less difficult than it might appear to an outsider. The Russian craftsmen are busy forging and preparing guns, without which it is impossible to meet the German legionaries, and the Minister of War has set himself with vigour to gather a new and mighty army. In the meantime, we can easily see that the adventure of the Germans becomes more desperate as time goes on. The further they advance, the longer must be their line, and the swampy country lying between Riga and Petrograd will become impassable for any army when the autumn rains come. These seem already to have started, and in any event Hindenburg must complete his plans in the course of the next three weeks, or give them up for the year, which means for ever.

MR. BALFOUR'S letter to a correspondent is equally effective, though pitched in a different key. Naturally, the First Lord of the Admiralty deals chiefly with the position at sea. His explanation of "the amazing change which has come over the diplomatic attitude of Germany towards the United States" is clear and satisfactory. When the *Lusitania* was torpedoed, a shout of exultation ran through the whole German nation. They no doubt beheld in that event the beginning of a blockade which they expected to cripple and destroy the mercantile marine of Great Britain. Very different was the reception of the news about the *Arabic*. Those who had shouted for joy on a previous occasion now maintained a melancholy silence, and Mr. Balfour pertinently asks the reason for the change. In the intervening months, the United States had not become stronger or Germany weaker; the attitude of the President had not varied. The arguments of the Secretary of State had not become more persuasive. There was certainly no recrudescence of humanitarian sentiment in Germany. Thus, by a process of elimination, Mr. Balfour arrived at the true reason, which is "to be found in the fact that the authors of the submarine policy have had time to measure its effects, and that deeds which were merely crimes in May, in September are seen to be blunders." Scarcely were the words out of Mr. Balfour's mouth than news arrived that a third liner had been torpedoed without warning. An attempt to murder 650 men, which, no thanks to the perpetrators, failed, gives the measure of German sincerity.

INVENTED romance pales before the actual as revealed in the brief *Gazette* notes appended to the names of those who have been awarded military honours for gallantry. He is not to be envied who can read these short businesslike records without a thrill of pride and admiration. They

reveal history in the making. So many references are made to gallant deeds at Hooge on the fateful August 9th, that they almost enable us to imagine the battle. Thus Major Pratt of the York and Lancaster gets his D.S.O. because he was first into the enemy's position and fought in the front line. In the thick of the fight, Captain Philby of the same regiment, during the attack, frequently visited all portions of the firing line and supervised under shell fire the despatch of reinforcements, bombs, and so on. Captain Turner of the Royal Engineers after leading his section and six blocking parties through the first line put up barbed wire in front, and when the senior officers were killed took command of the party in his vicinity and proceeded to consolidate the position till exhausted by loss of blood from his wounds. During the entire night Captain Jones, M.D., of the East Kents went about under shell and rifle fire assisting and evacuating the wounded. Taken altogether these incidents weave themselves into a battle picture that sets one's heart beating, and it could be paralleled by scenes from Festubert and Ypres, to say nothing of Gallipoli, as rich in heroic deeds as was Troy in Homer's time.

IT is obvious that after the war, the greatest asset of any country must be its children. In times of peace luxurious individuals made no difficulty about shirking their responsibility to posterity, and the tendency for families to become smaller was noticeable throughout the civilised world. Although attention was more frequently directed to it in the case of France than any other country, it was a source of alarm in Great Britain too. First, there was the low birth rate and, secondly, a large infantile mortality. History shows that after a war the first of these evils mechanically rights itself. It would do so all the more effectually after this war because the plain result has been to direct people's energies to the land, and whatever may be the case in regard to towns, there it is certainly true to say in biblical language, "Blessed is he who hath his quiver full." On the land, children, among other things, mean wealth. Not much attention, therefore, need be paid to the proposal brought forward at the conference of the Royal Sanitary Institution at Brighton for the encouragement of large families. The object aimed at is beyond the power of legislation to achieve.

BORDERLAND.

I can but trim your light,
And put it, burning dimly, in your hand,
Before you pass into an unknown land,
And vanish from my sight.

I can but say "God-speed!"
And watch you take the pathway of your choice,
For afterwards you will not hear my voice,
However great your need.

ISABEL BUTCHART.

ON the other hand, a very great deal may be done to preserve the children who are brought into the world. There is no need for the extraordinary number of deaths that regularly occur. Our attention has been turned to this matter for some time, and we hope shortly to publish some interesting statistics collected by officers of health. These show conclusively that one of the most practical and effectual means of lowering the rate of infant mortality is the district nurse. The fact can be demonstrated by figures. Anyone who thinks of the matter will see what an invaluable agency we have in her. It is her profession to know something about the means of preserving health, and in her daily life and conversation she is constantly inculcating the virtues of cleanliness in house and person, and the value of fresh air. The young ignorant mother, about whom so many hard things have been said, finds in the district nurse her greatest friend and benefactor; one who makes up for her ignorance by knowledge and experience. We believe that progress along this line is the best antidote that can be discovered to the bane of infant mortality.

UNTIL recently, our readers enjoyed many opportunities of admiring the work of Mr. E. S. Cameron as an observer and worker in natural history. They will regret to hear of his death, which occurred at the beginning of the summer. Some facts about his career have been very kindly communicated by his widow, whose photographs illustrating her husband's articles, and occasionally her own, have been very much admired. Mr. E. S. Cameron was born in 1854 at Barcaldine

in Argyllshire. He sold his property in 1885, and subsequently made his home in Montana, whence his articles later on were sent to *COUNTRY LIFE*. In his new home he devoted himself to sport and natural history, chiefly ornithology, upon which he became a recognised authority. Dr. C. Hart Merriam recently wrote of him that "His contributions to the ornithology of Montana will remain a monument to his memory." In 1889 he married Miss Evelyn Jephson Flower, sister of the first Lord Battersea, and leaves no children. His generous disposition and natural charm of manner made him universally popular. The Camerons of Barcaldine belong to the Glen Nevis branch of the Clan Cameron, and are in direct descent from Somerled of Glen Nevis, who received the Glen Nevis Charter in 1456 from John, Fourth Lord of the Isles.

IN the politics of half a century ago a great part was played by the whitebait dinner at Greenwich. It was a festivity that great statesmen and politicians made use of for pleasing their friends, and of instilling into them the watch-words of the fight that in politics is always coming. The Greenwich fish dinner was something besides all that, it was among our simpler ancestry a festive occasion for letting off steam. At the various turning points of his life, the prosperous and successful man was accustomed to ask his friends down to Greenwich to help him to celebrate the change. But Greenwich has changed, manners have changed, times have changed, and we have changed with them. The metamorphosis of the Trafalgar Inn, which at the end of this month ceases to be a hostelry, and is to be turned into a home for the nurses of the Seaman's Hospital Society, does not mark the end, because the end came long before. Greenwich, instead of being a pleasant suburb, is now become a thronged and busy town, and the celebrity of to-day neither eats nor gives fish dinners, so that the Trafalgar, like its rival the Ship, closed some time ago, for long has only been a survival to show the state of affairs that once had been.

WITHIN the last few days the labour trouble on the farms has been greatly intensified. More and more difficulty is experienced in finding the requisite number of hands, and it seems likely that the employers will be forced to take to heart Lord Selborne's sound advice that they cannot afford to be so particular. At first the farmer kicked against the pricks by insisting that experience was necessary in labourers, and that therefore the Labour Exchanges were of little use to them, and volunteer women workers only an embarrassment. But in times of necessity a man must do the best with what he can get. Just now, when there is a great demand for labour and every available individual is, or ought to be, at the war, the farmer cannot stand out for the qualities in his workers that he used to expect. The best way for him is to hire whatever labour can be found, and set the new hands tasks that can easily be explained to them. After all, no great skill is required in leading corn or tossing it; muscle here is more important. Evidently the women who could not find any man to engage them at the beginning of the season are going to find themselves in a much stronger position before the end of it. Wages, as is natural, are being forced up now by the trend of events.

THE American Amateur Golf Championship was played last week and ended in the victory of Mr. R. A. Gardner over Mr. J. G. Anderson. Both have played in England, though not in our Amateur Championship, and both, by their charm and modesty, made many friends who will have read gladly of their success. For the last two or three years Mr. Travers and Mr. Ouimet, and in a lesser degree Mr. "Chick" Evans, have so dominated American golf that the early defeat of all three was no doubt a great surprise on both sides of the Atlantic, more especially after Mr. Travers' fine win in the Open Championship. In that respect this Championship has been very like one of our own in which only one thing is certain, namely, that the two men who are expected to meet in the final round never do so. Mr. Gardner has already won the Championship as long ago as 1909, when he was still at college, and under twenty-one. He is an eminently natural player who plays the game in a very light-hearted spirit, and incidentally he is one of the most prodigious hitters with a cleek ever seen. A few years back he held the pole-jumping record of the world. It is interesting to note that the Detroit course, where the Championship was played, is one of Mr. H. S. Colt's creations.

NEXT week the British Association meets at Manchester and Parliament meets at Westminster. By a curious coincidence, they will be concerned in studying the same subject, that is, national finance. Mr. McKenna's Budget

will now have to be drawn up, and is awaited with fear and trembling by the impoverished tax-paying householder. Last year, a special committee was appointed by the British Association to draw up a report on the effects of the war on credit, currency and finance. The chairman is Professor W. R. Scott, who holds the Adam Smith Chair at Glasgow University, and the committee includes among its members a great number of bankers and business men. Among the items of interesting information which they have collected, is a memorandum by Mr. Joseph Kitchen. In this, a comparison is made between the cost of the Napoleonic, Crimean, Boer and the present wars. Mr. Kitchen shows how much more lightly taxation falls on us than it did on our forefathers. The Napoleonic wars raised the proportion of the National income paid in taxes from 6 per cent. to 20 per cent., but the Boer war only raised it from 5½ per cent. to 6½ per cent. If the present war should cost us a thousand million pounds, the proportion would be raised from 7½ per cent. to 12 per cent. Mr. Kitchen points out that we can pay out of an income of two thousand two hundred and fifty millions, a higher proportion than our great-grandfather could pay out of an income of three hundred and fifty millions.

MUNITIONS.

Worn out, I went to draw my wage :
Some fairy opened wide
For me a seeming-casual page,
In Bradshaw's Railway Guide—
Hindlow, Hurdlow, Parsley Hay, and Hartington.

Now, 'mid the clangour and the heat,
I treasure all the time,
The names that in my heart repeat
A faint-caught elfin chime—
Hindlow, Hurdlow, Parsley Hay, and Hartington.

And when once more the world is sane,
I'll seek those places out,
And cool me in the summer rain,
And rest me round about
Hindlow, Hurdlow, Parsley Hay, and Hartington.

C. DE M. RUDOLF.

A CHANGE of very great importance, announced by the Board of Agriculture, is the experimental adoption of a serum for Swine Fever in place of the pole axe, which was the only cure previously propounded by the officials at Whitehall. The slaughter was an extremely costly method, and looking back on the history of the disease it cannot be said to have been very effective. Despite the number of pigs killed after an outbreak, a very short time had to elapse before another was chronicled, with the result that the same grim process had to be repeated. If complaint were made, the stock answer was that Swine Fever is a disease of which the nature was still very imperfectly understood, and that further extermination of the animals affected was the only possible way to meet it. There is no doubt that the persistence of these outbreaks accounted, to a considerable degree, for the high price of bacon. In itself it was a very wasteful process, as the dead swine could only be buried. We have on more than one occasion pointed out how it is claimed that the serum has been used with considerable success in the Low Countries, and if it can be so in Great Britain the saving, direct, and indirect will be great indeed. We trust that pig breeders and owners will assist the Board of Agriculture by carrying out as carefully as possible the directions given as to the use of serum and virus.

SIR GEORGE BIRDWOOD'S talk of reviving coins like the Angel and the Noble as coins worthy of revival, with his scheme of a patron saint on the coins of each nationality, will be found delightful reading in times of peace. To-day we are all utilitarian and the practical point is that if the half-sovereign were called in an immense quantity of gold could be saved. This coin serves no useful purpose, or at least none for which silver could not answer. Other suggestions made by Sir George amount to radical reforms and for these the time is not opportune. Besides, we are afraid if change were determined on it would most likely take the unromantic form of the introduction of a decimal coinage for the purpose of simplifying exchange. What wanderer, unskilled in arithmetic, has not experienced the difficulty of ascertaining even the approximate value in a foreign land of coins like the half-crown.

THE PROSPECTS OF HARVEST.

IN last week's issue we printed an extremely interesting note by Madame Duclaux on the harvest prospects round Sucy. Since she wrote they have not greatly improved; rain has begun to fall in torrents, and the young soldiers who have gone over to the seat of war for the first time are already making acquaintance with the flooded trenches in which the Army lived for several months last year. It is unfortunate for France that, at a time when larger returns from the land were urgently needed, the crops of all kinds appear to be below the average. Not only have the cereals failed to come up to the standard of other countries, but there has been a serious shortage in the vineyards. The prospects at one time were excellent, but later on the vines were attacked by disease, and in the Bordeaux district especially the loss has been severe. Yet the French harvest has been wonderful in many ways. Most of the

work has been done by women. The best of the manhood of the country was called up, and of those remaining, all the men capable of work were commandeered for the roads. It was a matter of military necessity that the highways should be made as perfect as possible, and during the summer metal has been laid down in large quantities, and the steam-roller kept busy.

In France the State finds work at the present time for practically every man, and during harvest the women can be seen performing all the tasks which are usually discharged by the other sex. There has been nothing like it in this country, where, for example, a woman is not allowed to drive a reaping machine because it is considered that the clothes she wears makes it dangerous. It has been suggested that some other garment in the shape of a kind of trousers with a tunic would obviate the peril which



Emile Frechon.

DESERVING THE MEDAILLE MILITAIRE.

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obviously exists of the skirt or gown being caught by the machinery.

In the early days of the French harvest we saw women of practically every age out in the fields, some attending to the beet, mangolds and other roots, others driving the horses on the reaper and binder, a few, where the work was sufficiently advanced, leading the corn and building stacks. In very many cases, however, they dispensed with the latter altogether, and where the threshing machine was available, had the sheaves threshed immediately. This was due chiefly to the need on the part of the peasant proprietors for the high war prices, which they were able to obtain. They require money very much more than our English farmers, who have felt none of the pressure and loss entailed by war. It is fortunately the case that even if the French supply is not sufficient for the needs of the nation, it can be easily supplemented.

Very satisfactory reports have been collected by the International Bureau of Agriculture from all the different parts of the world. In Canada the yield of wheat is by far

finger, and frosts have occurred which in valleys have laid low such tender kitchen plants as kidney beans. It is not often in this part of the world that corn is still standing when autumn begins to dye the leaves, and of course, the harvest grows later and later as you travel northward. In many parts of the Midlands the hay harvest was not completed till late in August, and the corn is only now becoming dead ripe. The position is tantalising. A few weeks ago wheat touched sixty shillings a quarter and since then it has fallen nearer to forty. The drop was generally discounted beforehand. It occurs regularly every year when the first English samples are brought into the market and will almost certainly be followed by a corresponding rise in price when harvest work is complete. We say this with a full consciousness of the largeness of the harvest in the great wheat producing countries of the world. The quantity will be immense, but this war has greatly increased the number of consumers, for it is very evident that none of the belligerent countries can hope to do so well as in days of peace. The men are in the



Emil Fréchon.

VILLAGE HARVESTERS.

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beyond the record of any previous year, the United States, too, has a magnificent crop, and the same is true in a more or less degree of all the European countries, while India, Australia and South Africa will all be able to export wheat.

Fortunately for the Allies the British Fleet has rendered the crops of each and all these countries available to those who need them. At one time, it is useless to deny, a certain alarm was felt lest the submarine should succeed in rendering the traffic difficult, if not impossible, but now that Lord Selborne has assured us that this danger is well in hand, there would not seem to be any obstacle to the conveyance of wheat from the producing sources to the consumers.

Our own harvest problem is a very complicated one. In the first place it is very late. Even in the southern counties there is a large quantity of cereals still out in the fields as we write in the first week of September. It is the more remarkable because autumn, in spite of the sunny weather, is advancing more quickly than usual. Already patches of foliage on the elms show the print of its fiery

fighting line, and large areas of wheat land are ravaged and devastated.

The labour trouble also increases as time goes on. At first the farmers did not fully realise it; they managed to get over the difficulties of sowing and cultivation fairly well, but as more and more men are drawn away for the Army and for other purposes connected with the Army, such as the manufacture of ammunitions, the scarcity presses more heavily. In other countries women have come to the rescue, but this has not been so in Great Britain. There are indeed large districts, particularly in Scotland and the North of England, where women take naturally to agricultural work, in others they absolutely refuse to do so. The idea is getting abroad among the women of the cottages that almost any task is more suited to feminine fingers than that of attending to growing crops or milking. They prefer even domestic service, and domestic service takes in their minds a place secondary to that, for example, of mill work, where their hours are fixed and they enjoy more independence. Besides, there has been an immense demand upon womenkin-

for work usually done by the men who are now at the war. Female telephone operators are employed where there used only to be men. In clubs from which women servants used to be religiously excluded, there is now a great demand for them as waitresses, they are to be found at the railway stations collecting tickets, acting as porters, and even attending to the book-stalls. Shops and offices which have been wholly or

women, many of whom have been to horticultural and other colleges, but the farmer is shy of them; in his experience girls who are well mannered and well dressed usually make only a pastime of work in the fields, and are of very little practical service. No doubt the exigencies of the harvest will teach him a new faith, for the time is rapidly approaching when he will have to take workers wherever he can find them.



Emil Frechon.

NOT AFRAID OF HARD WORK.

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partially denuded of men have filled their places with women. It may be true of the girls thus employed that they are not of the class that would have taken to field work, but their promotion makes vacancies which the cottage girls are glad to fill. In the south country villages, practically speaking, only old women and such as are in one way or another left to their own exertions are available for harvest. There has been a great volunteering on the part of middle class young

When all is said, however, we doubt if the scarcity of labour has made an appreciable difference in getting in the harvest. It is as yet only a gathering cloud portending difficulties in the future, and increasing the anxiety of the farmer who sees, on the one hand, that the produce of the land under war conditions is going to be greatly enhanced in value and, on the other, that the task of getting it is beset with new and strange difficulties.

RACING AT NEWMARKET.



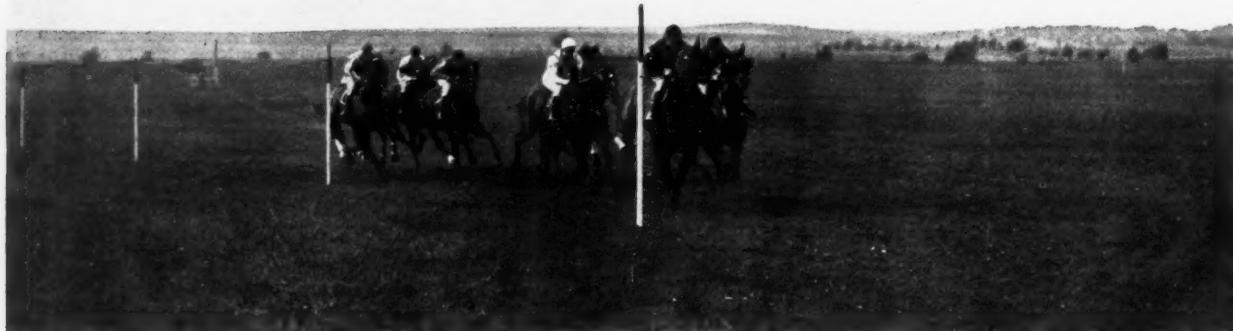
THE KEDINGTON HANDICAP: A FINE START.

APROPOS of racing, the return of the Duke of Portland to active participation in the sport which he opposed with such vehemence earlier in the year was noted with satisfaction last week, when his horse Ajaccio ran third behind Sentiment and Galtee Caul in the Coveney Plate. The winner of the First Nursery of the season was Linen, a nice looking filly by Forfarshire—easily, too, she won with eight and twenty opponents behind her—but she had been heavily treated by the handicapper, for she was receiving 8lb. from Polyphonic, second; 2lb. from Wet Kiss, third. Wet Kiss is not the prettiest of names, but it has a “reason,” which is this. She was being petted by a child when by way of showing her friendly disposition she gave the youngster a lick with her tongue. “Oh, what a wet kiss!” said the young lady; hence the filly’s name. But to get back to Linen. She is owned by Mr. Robson, whose colours are black, silver braid, white cap. Lord Derby’s colours are black, white cap. Now, in running, especially as jockeys ride nowadays, it is almost impossible—one might say quite impossible—to see the silver braid on Mr. Robson’s colours, and if he happens to be running anything in the same race as Lord Derby’s, confusion between the two colours is not only probable, but does occur.

Linen ran again in the Witchford Nursery on Thursday, so did Russet, belonging to Lord Derby, and Russet was placed second. It so happened that I was standing close to the judge’s box, and almost immediately the numbers of the placed horses had been hoisted, the judge asked me if I thought it was Russet or Linen who had finished second. I said that I thought it was Russet, until just as the horses passed me I think I recognised Alden on Linen. As a matter of fact it was Linen, and the mistake was promptly rectified, but as the judge said—“if they will have colours that you cannot distinguish—.” Any alteration in the time-honoured colours of the house of Stanley is, of course, not to be thought of, but perhaps Mr. Robson might manage to make it more easy to distinguish his colours from Lord Derby’s. Mrs. Barton, by the way, registered colours—black, grey cap—not long ago; these, too, are easily mistakeable for Lord Derby’s in running, but the judge says he can distinguish them easily enough at the end of a race. In the Witchford Nursery, by the way, Tinton, a very nicely balanced, good looking colt by Amadis out of Tuscana, beat Linen by five

lengths, a pretty smart performance on the face of it; but it may be that the running was none too reliable, for there were a lot of runners—five and thirty—and a good deal of “scrimmaging” took place, some of it much to the disadvantage of Mr. Garry’s filly, Frusquin’s Pride. Mr. Garry and myself were, by the way, interested and admiring onlookers at a stripped gallop on the Limekilns on Tuesday morning, in which two of the horses were admirably ridden by two young ladies. Lady Londonderry—we must, alas! now say the Dowager Lady Londonderry—was not at Newmarket; none the less she must, I am sure, have been delighted to hear of the winning of the Sutton Handicap—two miles and twenty-five yards—by Lord Zetland’s Sir Thomas, for the colt has quite a Wyngard pedigree through his dam. He is by Picton out of Peepshow II, by Diamond Jubilee out of Nushka, by Hagioscope out of Weenonah, by Galopin, and Nushka and Weenonah were both Wyngard mares. The pedigree of the colt suggests stamina, and in this instance, at all events, theory would seem to be supported by practice, for there was no mistaking the style in which Sir Thomas did “stay.” How far he would have won had his little jockey been able to steady him I do not pretend to know, but he was leading by many lengths when he came to the turn for home. Here he ran right across the course, almost out of it, losing thereby a lot of ground; but he had established such a lead that as far as I could see, he was never actually headed, and as soon as his rider had got him straight again, away he went, romping along to win by three lengths.

Among the handicaps of the week, mention may be made of the Caxton Handicap, which, being divided into two classes, each separate and distinct in itself, was to all intents and purposes in the nature of an innovation—I say, to all intents and purposes, because I seem to remember—I am writing where no books of reference are available—that some years ago there was a race of a similar description. Be this as it may, last week Class I of the Caxton Handicap was won by Naughty Girl, 7st.; Class II by Sybarite, 7st. It might, too, be noted that several of the horses engaged in the Cambridgeshire took part in the Kedington Handicap won by China Blue, among them Mount William, whose running this year has been consistently disappointing, but who has been given a fair chance in the Cambridgeshire with 7st.—if—he can get the mile and a furlong and—if—he happens to be awake when the tapes go up. TRENTON.



W. A. Rouch.

THE RACE FOR THE CAXTON HANDICAP.
Which had to be run in two classes owing to the large entry.

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WILD LIFE ON A SCOTTISH HEATH.—III.

BY E. L. TURNER.

RED AND BLACK-THROATED DIVERS.

THE locality chosen by the red-throated diver for the upbringing of its young is remote from man, and pervaded by a silence so absolute that the sudden rattle of a focal-plane shutter startles the photographer as much and—in the case of this particular bird—more than it did the diver herself. The eggs are laid in a depression close to the edge of one of those tiny isolated tarns so frequently found in the uplands. There is little or no attempt at a nest, though a few pieces of coarse herbage generally constitute a lining.

After hours of lonely waiting in the solitude and silence of the wide moorland, the weird call of the red-throated diver is enough to make one's flesh creep. It resembles the cry of a little child in pain, but is more akin, maybe, to the wail of a lost spirit, echoing and re-echoing round the lonely hills.

I made two unsuccessful attempts at photographing this species—the first bird was shy and refused to sit for me. On May 26th I waited nearly three hours in a two-foot square hole cut in the peat and covered with a tiny tent. The water gradually oozed through till up to my knees, and soon rendered the situation impossible. On June 3rd I tried again, but waited in vain for seven hours. The nest was on the edge of a deep and dark little mountain tarn above the main loch; from my peep-hole I could see several greater black-backed gulls brooding on the moor, and between 1.30 and 2 p.m. five of these birds came to feed round the tarn; they were in a great hurry, and evidently bent on making the most of their time off. There was another pool higher up, and at 3 p.m. a red-throated diver, which I took to be my bird, alighted

there and began to play about; the light was fine and the bird looked beautiful, turning and twisting, diving, shaking its wings and preening itself. I waited, all excitement, hoping every moment that it would return to its maternal duties; but when, after some two hours of this irresponsible behaviour, the bird quietly settled down to sleep with its head and neck twisted over its back, and just floated idly with the wind, it suddenly dawned upon me that such callous behaviour could only be the result of masculine indifference. Meanwhile, I

had taken advantage of the diver's comparative remoteness to re-focus and change my plate, thereby making a considerable rustling inside the tent. Becoming suddenly aware of my delusion and its probable results, I gently thrust a hat-pin through the back of the tent and, by placing one eye close to this tiny hole, sur-

veyed that portion of the tarn which was behind me. Great was my annoyance at finding the female lurking within 2ft. of my tent, where, no doubt, she had been all the time her mate was enjoying himself in the upper pool. My chances were spoilt for that day, as it was then 6 p.m., so I merely photographed the eggs, moving my camera nearer the nest in order to do this. When unscrewing my big Zeiss lens, it gave a kick at the last turn, spun out of my hand and rolled into the tarn. My depression was then complete, and only the stentorian commands of the gillie prevented me from following the lens. The tarn was deep, and dark as the inferno is said to be. The next day, however, a solemn procession consisting of the two keepers, Miss Haviland and myself, armed with poles and landing nets, set out to recover the lens, and after a while it was deftly hauled up by the head keeper, absolutely unhurt—quite the most valuable



BLACK-THROATED DIVER APPROACHING NEST.



Miss E. L. Turner.

A SUSPICIOUS BLACK-THROAT.



Copyright.

NOW COMFORTABLY SETTLED.



THE BROKEN-UP COLOURS OF THE BLACK-THROAT HARMONISE WITH THE SURROUNDINGS.

fish that had ever been landed in that net. I had no desire, however, to revisit this spot, and as Miss Haviland had successfully photographed a much more amenable bird in another locality, I repaired to that diver, and during three days—June 9th, 10th and 23rd—I exposed seventy-two plates.

This second nest was also situated on the edge of a little pool above a larger loch, about a mile from the one and only road round the island. On leaving the road one had to keep along the edge of a low ridge for three parts of the way, then descend abruptly to the tarn. Directly anyone appeared on the end of the ridge the diver slipped into the water, and as the intruder approached the nest she either took wing and circled round one's head, or else

swam to the far end of the pool and watched; but as soon as quiet reigned she returned to the eggs, and no amount of movement inside the tent would put her off. She seemed curious and interested. Each day I came out of the tent to eat my lunch and sat a few feet from her, photographing her at intervals. Once I tried to stroke her on the nest; but that was too great a liberty on my part, though she allowed me to creep within 2ft. before diving off. Even then she returned at once when I retired, merely giving me a glance of scorn as, with haughty mien, and upcurved beak a trifle more tiptilted than usual, she swam swiftly up to the bank. The red-throated diver is a beautiful bird. Personally, I prefer it to the black-throated (*C. arcticus*), though the



Miss E. L. Turner.

THE HAUNT OF THE RED-THROATED DIVER.

Copyright.

latter may be considered the more handsome species. Nevertheless, when seen at close quarters, the red-throat possesses a quiet and unsurpassed beauty of her own. In bright sunlight the colour of her head is a soft pale grey, a fit setting for the splendid ruby eye. The longitudinal stripes down the back of the neck and the poise of the head add dignity to the bird, and one could almost imagine she was consciously proud of the brilliant crimson gorget worn during the breeding season. And, indeed, she probably is, for what feminine thing—or masculine either—is not conscious of its charm?

On dull days the head looks a dark slatey grey, which exactly tones with the sullen water, and in all lights the white line along the upper mandible tends to melt the bird into its surroundings. In the water all the movements of this diver are characterised by a dainty grace; out of it she is as ungainly as a seal. When you see her struggling up to her nest you feel you

moist peaty earth as she struggles clumsily up the bank. On returning to the eggs she usually dived when within



RED-THROATED DIVER BATHING.



RED-THROAT STRETCHING HER WINGS.

would like to walk behind and help her. The breast feathers become stained and discoloured from contact with the

20yds., reappearing close to the bank. Once I was lucky enough to catch her just as she came up from the dive, the photograph showing only the head and neck, with a swirl of water where the body was about to emerge. She scrambled on to the bank at a point immediately opposite the camera. Generally one bound landed her close to the eggs; she then flopped down somewhere within touch of them and fell forwards, thrusting the eggs very far aft with her bill. Every two or three hours she stood up and turned them, then fell forwards again. For the most part she sat gazing out over the moor, sometimes wide awake and suspicious, though frequently dozing. Now and again she played with loose bits of

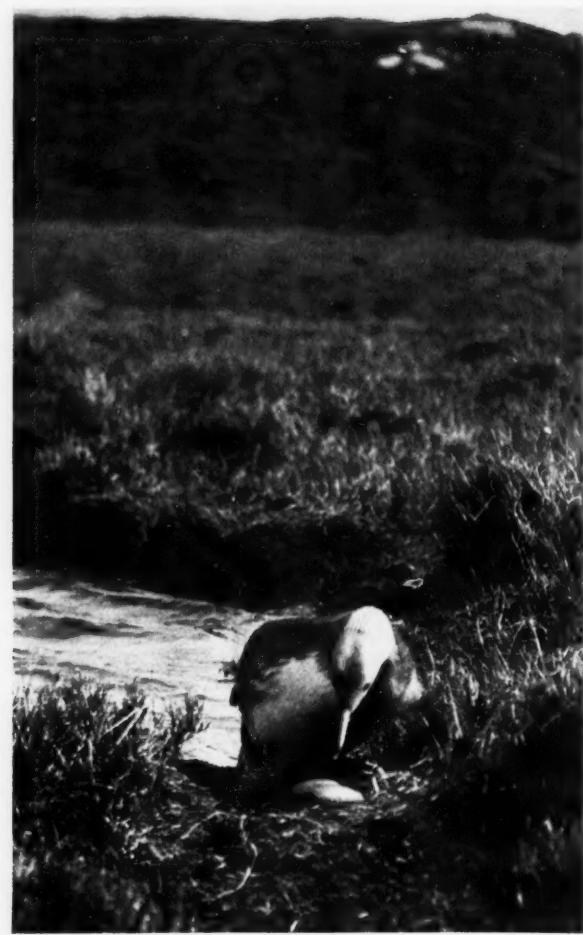


Miss E. L. Turner. RED-THROAT SCRAMBLING UP THE BANK.

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A BOUND WILL LAND HER.

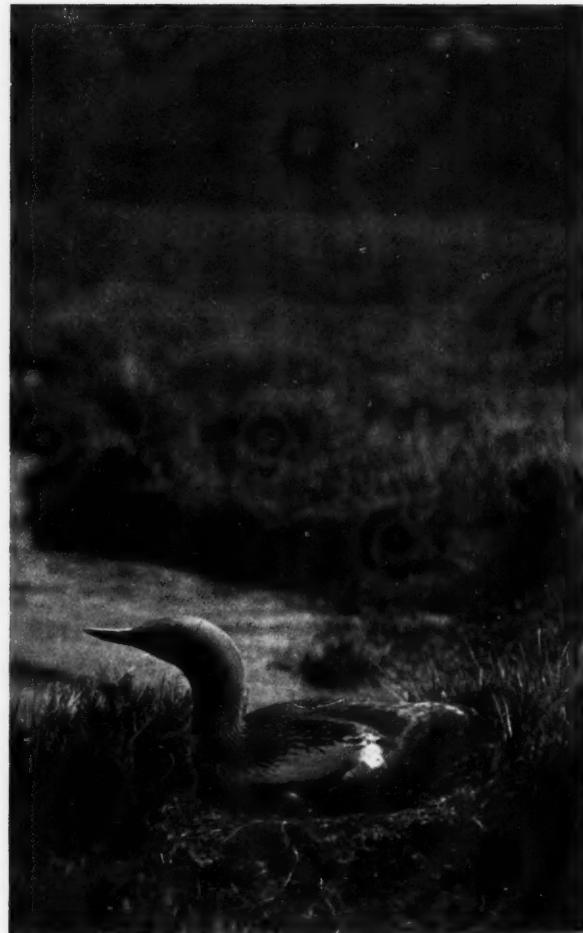


LEAPING ON TO THE NEST.



Miss E. L. Turner.

RE-ARRANGING THE EGGS.



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THE RED-THROATED DIVER.

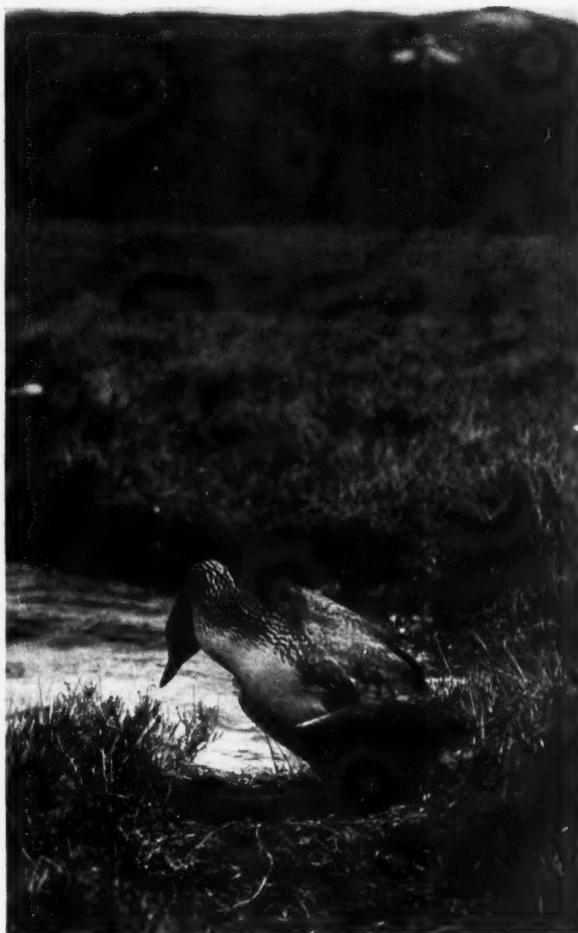
THE ACT OF FALLING FORWARD.



SETTLED AND HAPPY.



LOOKING UP TO HER MATE.



Miss E. L. Turner.

ABOUT TO DIVE.



Copyright.

THE EFFECT OF MY COUGH.

THE RED-THROATED DIVER.

grass within reach. Often she moved her head from side to side with rapid sinuous twists, as if looking for her mate, whom I never once saw; but nothing seemed to scare her. Once I had a prolonged and violent fit of coughing, and when this occurs birds are usually scared out of their nests; but the diver only stretched out her long neck and listened, resuming her usual nonchalant air as soon as the unwonted sounds were over. At the last I took down the tent, packed up everything, and walked away without in the least disturbing her serenity. During a heavy shower the bird was covered with iridescent rain-drops, which she made no attempt to remove. Did the self-conscious beauty realise the additional charm imparted to her plumage by this delicate network of rare jewels?

When leaving the nest she usually dived off quite suddenly; but once she stood up and deliberately took a header into the water, then swam round and round the tarn, preening her feathers, stretching and flapping her wings, and drinking; but on no occasion was she absent from the nest for more than five minutes. No two birds of the same species could possibly present a greater contrast than did the two pairs of red-throated divers I tried to photograph. The first—shy—bird was generally accompanied by her mate; whereas the second—perfectly amenable one—might almost have been alone in charge of the eggs. The first had been sitting a fortnight when I went to her the second time, yet she was as shy and wild as possible. The second diver had fresh eggs on June 3rd, when Miss Haviland first photographed her, and did not hatch out until June 25th—another striking illustration of variety of temperament in individual birds of the same species, for both were nesting in utterly wild surroundings and under precisely the same isolated conditions.

As I climbed the brae after my last visit to the diver, I stood and had one long final look at the bird which had given me so much pleasure, and the wild moorland and bog which surrounded her. Though I must have been sharply outlined against the horizon, she merely turned her head and watched me out of sight. I left her with a feeling akin to pain, for I am not likely ever to see this beautiful species "at home" again; but I soon cheered up at the thought of the many I should see around our coasts during the winter; not alone, and brooding midst the silent hills, but gay and buoyant, riding at ease beyond the breakers, whose dull roar and back-wash make music and companionship alike for bird and bird lover.

The habits of the black-throated diver are akin to those of the red-throated, except in its choice of a habitat. Instead of nesting by the little tarns, it prefers the larger lochs, and there its wonderful black and white plumage tones completely with the rough boulders rising out of the water or fringing the shores. The nest depicted here was situated about 5ft. from the water's edge, necessitating a somewhat long and strenuous climb for the bird. The bank, too, was steep, so that the diver usually made one or two unsuccessful leaps before surmounting the final difficulty. Her plumage was dirty and stained where it came in contact with the moist peaty soil during her laborious ascent. These tedious journeys had worn a well defined path—almost a rut—leading to the nest. Down this track the bird slithered with great rapidity, and dived beneath the water when alarmed.

I only spent four hours with this bird, as there were very few pairs of black-throats on the island and we did not wish to endanger the safety of their eggs.

During the first three hours both birds swam to and fro evidently suspicious of the moss-covered heap which had suddenly appeared near their home. At last one, which I took to be the female, summoned up courage to leap on to the bank and approach her nest; but she could not settle down with any degree of confidence, and during the next twenty minutes she slipped into the water several times. Of course this species is extraordinarily handsome, but there is something so fantastic about the pattern of her plumage, one cannot wholly get rid of the feeling that it is altogether artificial. Anyway, she did not appeal to me, personally, nearly so much as did the more normally attired red-throated diver.

The protection afforded to these handsome birds is not very efficient. I am not speaking of the island where this particular bird nested. An angling friend of mine who, when fishing two years ago in one of the adjacent islands, saw his gillie deliberately shoot a black-throated diver and take its eggs. When remonstrated with, the gillie replied with words to the effect that he was responsible for the fish and not for birds. Yet surely there are trout enough and to spare in these lochs; whereas the black-throated diver is one of our rarest birds. I cannot believe that a genuine disciple of

Izaak Walton would wish this beautiful species any harm. Any self-respecting angler ought to entertain kindly feelings towards a brother sportsman, especially where—as is the case with both divers—he fishes from necessity and not for a mere pastime.

ANIMAL LIFE AT THE FRONT.

I WAS speaking to a friend the other day about the effect of gun and Maxim fire on the nerves after the strain of several days' fighting in the trenches, and was rather surprised when he remarked that the one noise he would always associate with trench life was the curious screech of the owl in the early hours of the morning. It is the same wherever you go, the owl seems to haunt the region of "No man's land," and you scarcely ever hear him except at this hour. However terrific the bombardment during the day it does not seem to wake him, or, perhaps, he does not like the firing line except during the usually fairly quiet hours preceding the morning "stand to." More than once I have seen him in the evening sitting silently on the roof of a ruined barn or the bare rafters of a broken cottage in some village which is now nothing more than a heap of ruins, as if he were comparing the scene of wreckage made by the Germans with that caused by the Allies' artillery. But if heavy shelling does not disconcert the owl, the sparrow is not so calm. Directly the enemy's shrapnel bursts above you, clouds of sparrows are seen racing along at a mad speed, evidently terrified to death, without the least sense of direction and immediately returning at the same speed to be scattered again, till one wonders whether they are pieces of shell, shrapnel bullets, or really living creatures. It seems so obvious to us that it could all be so easily averted by a direct flight away from the firing line, that one wonders again at their lack of rational faculties!

All the world over cows have been regarded as the most inquisitive creatures in existence, but the war seems to go to prove that they are much more indifferent than inquisitive. They wander all over the debated ground regardless of bullets or shells, until one of their number is hit and lies down bellowing until in the words of the popular parody of the song:—

"There's a cow over there,
With his toes in the air,
Giving forth a most horrible stench,"

and the next thing is a fatigue party organised to bury the poor animal. But its companions do not seem to regard the event as in any way unusual, they simply go on grazing and if one is brought to the ground in a few minutes, it is grazing again while lying down. But the time comes when all the grass within its reach is cropped and then the poor thing crawls along a few feet to its new grazing ground; if this happens at night the chances are that it is mistaken for a squad of German snipers, and the end comes in a hail of bullets from the trenches. The ubiquitous pig (for in this country it is hard to find a single cottage whole or ruined which has not its porcine inhabitants) is a common visitor to the trenches and shares the soldiers' intense dislike to "bully" beef. He likes Army biscuits and "Maconochie," but scorns "bully" beef with a grunt of disgust when it is offered him, with the usual result that the unfavoured rations are put to a better use as missiles to drive away the thankless intruder. I remember once having an altercation with a sow which had taken advantage of my absence to get into my "dug out" and feed on my rations; there being only one entrance it was difficult to persuade her by sundry kicks administered through this entrance that it was my intention she should emerge by the same way. Finding force of no avail I appealed to the more delicate influence of chocolate, by which means she was enticed into the open, and having got her on the run she was hastily routed.

One trench near Ypres (and for all I know there may be many more such) had a domestic cat of a very friendly nature which seemed to take a lively interest in all that went on, especially in the process of making tea or cocoa, knowing I suppose that condensed milk sometimes takes a part in such proceedings. But I more than suspect him of German-like tendencies, as, in sunny weather, he was very fond of lying asleep on the body of a dead German officer, popularly supposed to be a Count, slightly behind the trench. A large number of regiments and sometimes even individuals have their pets, and often these are animals found near the trenches. We had a little bantam, called "Peter," which was originally found tied by its leg near some "dug outs" in reserve. One of our men took pity on it and brought it back to the billets in a biscuit tin. A hole was made in the lid and it was very amusing to see him carrying the tin on his pack with the little chicken surveying the scene with its head out of the hole. It was a brave little thing and cared nothing for the hens it had to deal with in the farm billets, nor did bullets worry it, but it never got quite used to shells, and when shrapnel burst over us would duck its head into the tin and take cover, oblivious of the fact that biscuit tins are not shrapnel proof.

I remember seeing a wounded man limping back from the fight on Hill 60 with a kitten on his shoulder; it was evidently quite used to the position and held its hold firmly, but lovingly, against the man's ear while he was busily showing it how to dress the wound in his arm. The artillery, who are often stationed for months in one place, have all sorts of pets, goats, monkeys and even larger animals I have seen with the heavy batteries, but there is one thing very noticeable wherever one finds animals intimately connected with the war and all its horrors and devastation, and that is the extreme indifference with which they all seem to regard it. One would think that nothing at all out of the ordinary were taking place. I am sure that the farm dog who wags his tail with pleasure to see the British soldiers arrive at his farm, would be just as pleased to see the Boches. I think they must be like those women who are supposed to love the uniform only, whoever it is that wears it.

F. C. H.

IN THE GARDEN.

A GARDEN OF CAMPANULAS.

AGARDENING enthusiast in Somerset conceived the idea of having a garden of Campanulas. The flower beds and borders were filled with Campanulas and nothing but Campanulas, and the same may be said of the rock garden, wall and paved garden, while in the wild garden there was very little else. And yet this garden was far more pleasing than might at first be imagined and a variety of flowers were in season from April till late in October. Among the earliest to flower are *C. gorganica*, *C. carpatica*, and the varieties *turbinata* and *pelviformis*. The former comes from Italy; it bears starry, white centred, blue flowers about 9in. from the ground, while *C. carpatica* is a low growing and floriferous species, making a carpet with its pale blue flowers from early May till late October.

There are so many species of Campanulas and of such different habit, colour and height that this garden of Campanulas was free from the sameness and monotony that might reasonably be expected from any other genus of garden flowers. The two species referred to, were rapidly followed by *C. barbata*, with upright spikes of pale blue flowers, and *C. glomerata*, a native plant bearing terminal heads of purplish flowers which, when wild, are usually about 5in. in height, but under cultivation attain a height of 18in. With border Campanulas it is most important that they should be planted in large bold clumps. This applies to the tall growing *C. latifolia*, with drooping blue flowers, and to the ever popular Canterbury Bells (*C. medium*), best treated as a biennial and raised from seeds sown in the autumn. In well drained rocky banks Canterbury Bells are often perennial and then the plants may be left for years and allowed to sow their own seed. *C. lactiflora*, a Caucasian species with milky white flowers, is certainly one of the most floriferous of the taller growing Bellflowers. It never fails to grow and flower in wild profusion and it is a suitable subject for the wild garden if planted in large groups, either in the open or under partial shade of trees. There are two varieties, viz., *alba*, pure white, and *cerulea*, pale blue.

In early September many Campanulas are still seen in the height of their floral beauty. Among them is *C. persicifolia* with spikes of satiny blue, the gem of border Bellflowers and its indispensable variety *Moorheimi* with semi-double snow white open flowers. Our native Harebell, *C. rotundifolia*, one of the daintiest of the whole genus, continues to flower through the springy turf overlying chalk hills. It likes the pure air of the downs, and is by no means the easiest to cultivate. Attempts to naturalise it in unsuitable soil and situations invariably lead to disappointment. Given an open site and a limestone soil a handful of seed scattered broadcast in spring or autumn is all that is necessary. It is often asked how it is that this wildling is given the specific name *rotundifolia* seeing that its leaves, so far from being rotund, are narrow and pointed. If, however, the plant is closely examined it will be observed that its basal leaves are round, hence the name *rotundifolia*.

Of dwarf Campanulas suitable either for short turf, moraine, or chinks in rocks there is no end. *C. Allioni* a lovely species from Southern France has large blue solitary

flowers. The wall Campanula (*C. muralis* syn. *portensis-chlagiana*), *C. pulla*, *C. Zoisii* and *C. pusilla* Miss Willmott are others worthy of special mention. Campanula *pusilla* is certainly one of the most delightful of all the alpine Harebells. The flowers, which are borne in the wildest profusion from June till late in October, take the form of drooping bells of a dainty blue shade. It is a native of the



Reginald A. Malby.

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AN EFFECTIVE GROUP OF CAMPANULA LACTIFLORA ALBA.

Swiss Alps, where it revels in the high mountain pastures just as the common Harebell, *C. rotundifolia*, does on the chalk downs of this country. It possesses a neat habit of growth, with spreading stems that sometimes need to be checked to keep it within bounds. For the rock garden it is indispensable, while it is also quite in keeping with the surroundings when grown in the crevices of old walls or planted between the chinks of stone in a paved garden. The variety Miss Willmott, with masses of silvery blue bells, is now immensely popular;



Reginald A. Malby. CAMPANULA ALLIONI IN A MORAINA GARDEN.

Copyright.

it possesses the many good attributes of the type, and is amenable to the same treatment.

All Campanulas, and especially the alpines, love limestone, and the tall growing varieties benefit by sub-division in the autumn. A clump of *C. persicifolia*, if neglected and left to spread year after year, will produce spikes not more than 2ft. in height, but if divided and generously treated will produce sheaves of flowers more than twice that height. C. Q.

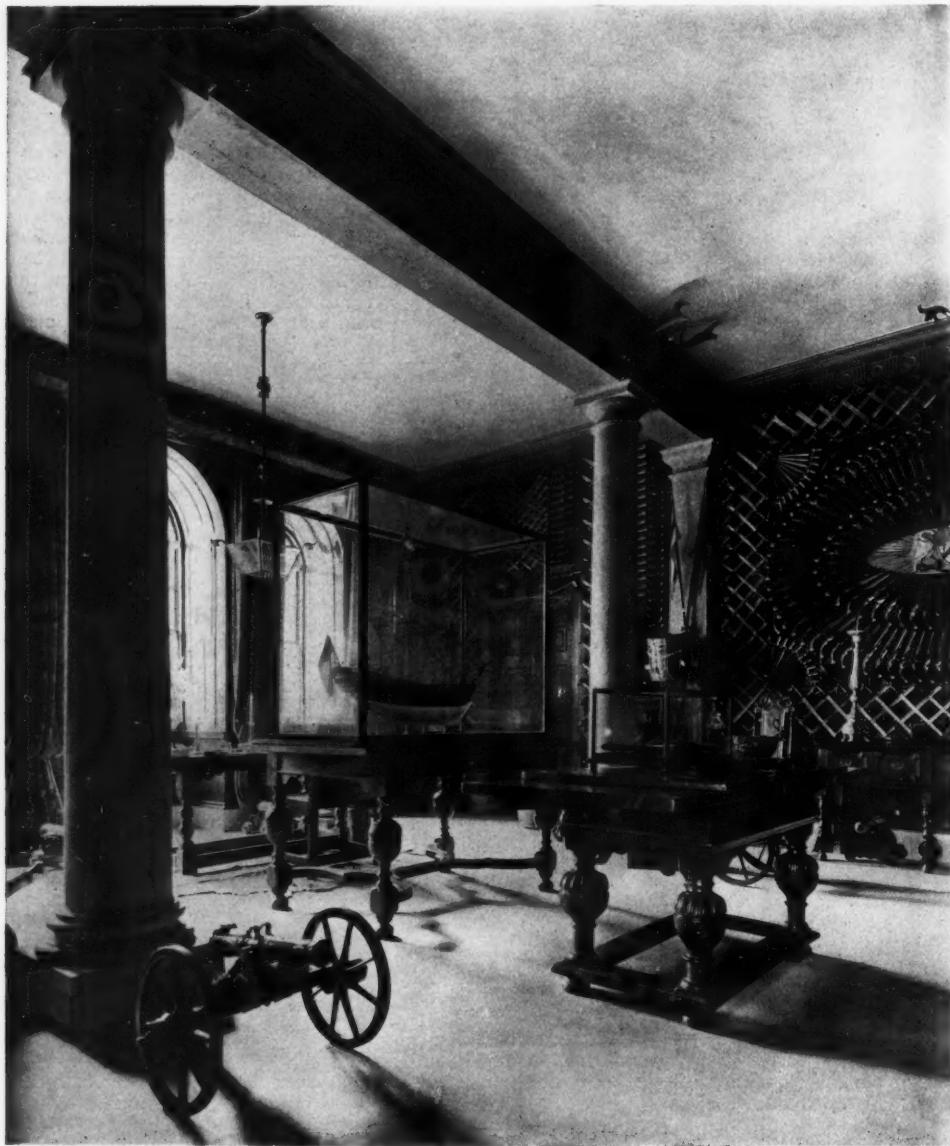


THE story of the House or Castle of Culzean is one of a gradual expansion of ideas, a scheme developing as the building proceeded, and of an interest taken in it by Thomas and David Kennedy deep enough to allow even of the reconstruction of work already done in favour of new and enlarged ideas. Thus from 1777 up to Adam's drawing marked "Ceiling design for Circular Tower, 1790," we get thirteen years of more or less continuous building operations. In the course of this the original keep, or Peel Tower, became in the first place a great oblong castle, mainly facing south; then, after some preliminary tinkering with a long and low two storied building that faced towards the sea, the great circular tower was built. Finally the whole was linked up by the brilliant idea of a unique oval staircase, occupying the centre of a

castellated block which has thus reverted once more to a square. Of the outliers, the kitchen and the brewhouse, the former remains practically as built, but the brewhouse has been raised, and converted into a wing of additional rooms, built in 1879.

The chief rooms were decorated on the ground and first floor between 1779 and 1782, quite five years before the scheme for the great circular tower seaward and the central staircase behind it was evolved. The principal rooms at this first stage were the drawing-room and eating-room below it, and for both of these apartments there are alternative designs and colourings. As beautiful in conception almost as the Adam Gallery at Syon, the drawing-room ceiling in particular (dated April 11th, 1780) is a refined union of lozenge lines, enclosing octagons and squares, with a circular link from which cameos depend. No fewer than sixteen designs for chimneypieces were made at this period, all for different rooms. Among these designs, the eating-room, library and drawing-room are important and highly decorative examples; the others are good examples of a plain type. In 1782 mirrors and girandoles were in hand for the library, buffet, eating and dressing-rooms, all elaborate in character.

That Robert Adam was highly pleased with the scheme of the great oval staircase is shown by the design for a castle for the Earl of Findlater made in 1789, where he proposed to develop the same idea still further, unhampered by any existing structure to be worked in. There is not only a fine effect of light and shade from the top lighting of the oval dome, but, by means of apses on the south side, and by a well planned vestibule on the north, a great effect of spaciousness has been obtained. The circular saloon speaks for itself, it is the room of an ideal sea view, with its six windows of free ranging outlook. The shape corrects the northern aspect as, from the west in particular, the sun floods into the room in the late afternoon. It is still furnished with a carpet made for the room. Robert Adam's drawing for the ceiling,



dated two years before his death, has fortunately been preserved at Culzean, as it is missing in the Soane Collection.

The Adam mirrors and mantelpieces in the house are of great interest, and there have been very few alterations since his day. The buffet-room has been united with the hall by an opening with Doric columns, forming the present armoury. The modern dining-room has been formed on the ground floor by the union of the library and a dressing-room.

Herculaneum paintings, like those at Bowood. There are a number of Wedgwood vases in the house, bought no doubt in connection with the refurnishing in Adam's time. The hall chairs with the painted crests were specially designed and made for the house.

Probably the upstairs library with an apse, shown on the plan, was never so built, but has always been a bedroom with a dressing-room as at present.



Copyright.

THE OVAL STAIRCASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The medallions on the end wall of this room and one half of the bull's head frieze are original, also all the doors, shutters and woodwork. A later ceiling has been put in the boudoir which was planned as the bedchamber.

In the former upstairs dining-room hangs an interesting Papal Indulgence granted to Sir Thomas Kennedy, Bart., on the 17th August, 1740; he was "at present in Rome and being about to depart." Possibly acquired still later in Italy are a series of copies of Pompeian and

The drawing-room in the centre of the south front possesses a ceiling which illustrates the facility and invention of the designer. Though really laid out on very simple lines, it is a remarkably successful and apparently intricate piece of work. It shows all the flatness of low relief which belongs to the latest examples of Adam's style.

In February, 1767, Mrs. Montague wrote to Lord Kames at Blair Drummond, "I beg my most respectful compliments to Mrs. Drummond and Mr. Home: assure Mrs. Drummond

that I have not forgot her commands: and I hope I shall acquit myself in such a manner as to the *épergne*, as to be trusted with other commissions. I have also seen her *girandoles*, which I like extremely, but I have proposed a little alteration at the top. If she would have anything *en meubles* extremely beautiful, she must employ my friend Mr. Adam here. He has made me a ceiling and chimney-piece and doors, which are pretty enough to make me a thousand enemies. Envy turns livid at the first glimpse of them."

Few criticisms of Robert Adam have been more frequently quoted than those by Horace Walpole, contained in the famous letters. Pointedly expressed references to filigrane and filigree, gingerbread ornamentation and the like

Gothic is as certainly (in my opinion at least) to places of devotion."

It is highly probable that this is an anonymous effort by Horace Walpole, or, if not his own, written probably by one of that group, who were distinct adepts at such journalistic devices for moulding public opinion.

James Essex of Cambridge was brought into relations with Walpole through his great correspondent, the poet Mason. He is referred to on one occasion as "our only Gothic architect." Bently, the son of the great scholar, seems to have been Walpole's first aid, but, as it was said at the time, Walpole "outlived three sets of his own lath and plaster battlements," and additions to Strawberry Hill were going on in October, 1776, when he writes to the

Countess of Upper Ossory: "I am quite alone and wishing myself at Ampthill. I did not think Mr. Essex could have come *mal-à-propos*, but it is so difficult to get him, and he has built me a tower, so exactly of the 14th century, that I did not dare to put him off, lest it should not be ready for furnishing next spring. It is one of those tall thin Flemish towers that are crowned with a roof like an extinguisher, and puts one in mind of that at Thornbury called Buckingham's Plotting Closet. I hope no Cardinal Wolsey will sit on my skirts for the likeness."

At Nuneham, Adam appears to have been superseded, and the amateurs seem to have directed affairs. "The Committee of Strawberry Hill," i.e., Walpole, Essex, Wyatt, Chute, Bentley Mason, Thomas Pitt and others, was a varying body, but its influence must have been considerable so long as its director was able to get about and act as architectural adviser.

To rightly estimate the value of Walpole's criticism and statements of fact, the reader must bear in mind that he calmly writes in 1780, that the "Knight of the Polar Star" (Sir William Chambers)



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FIREPLACE IN LONG DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

have too often done duty for the more serious consideration of his merits as an architect.

In the "Gentleman's Magazine" for April 28th, 1781, Architectus writes to Mr. Urban:

"Indeed this style is so much neglected by us that few of our present artists can now make a design truly Gothic, and I have seen one for an altar piece to King's College Chapel, Cambridge, made by Messers Adelphi which though pretty enough in itself, was in no way suitable to such a fine Gothic building, and has justly given way to one that does credit, both to the design and the workman. I do not mean Mr. Urban to recommend the Gothic manner of building in preference to the Greek and Roman now so well understood by us, and certainly best adapted for dwelling houses, and places of diversion, as the

had run away, because he had incurred such extras on Somerset House, then building, and adds, "I am sorry that the Constellation of the Adelphi was not rayée from the celestial globe after their bubble lottery."

Such news and the casual retraction in a subsequent letter, accompanied by fresh insinuations written about so solid and serious a person as Chambers, gives us the measure of Walpole.

Five years later *à propos* of Carlton Palace, recently reconstructed by Henry Holland for the young Prince of Wales, afterwards George the Fourth, Walpole writes to the Countess of Upper Ossory, "How sick we shall be after the Chaste Palace of Mr. Adam's gingerbread and snippets of embroidery."

Had Walpole had that real judgment of architecture with which he has been too often credited, he would have



"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE ROUND DRAWING-ROOM.

been better employed in depreciating those castle building diversions in which Robert Adam had by now so deeply engaged. Without the requisite knowledge of the detail and character of Gothic architecture Adam was unable to embody his romantic visions in serious architectural form.

Some of these designs are atrocious attempts at Gothic, Romanesque, and Scotch Baronial. Strawberry Hill, visited by the elite, from the King and Queen downwards, was to dominate mansion building in England, and cast a heavy shadow of battlements, barbicans and loopholes over the countryside for over half a century. Adam unfortunately did not stand aloof but plunged into the stream from about 1770 onwards. There is an even earlier alternative elevation in battlemented Gothic with round



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BOUDOIR FIREPLACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

towers for Lowther Castle, for the Earl of Lonsdale. Dated November 26th, 1767, this is an immense design with a frontage of 656ft. Apart from one or two sketches which seem to show that, backed by an adequate knowledge of the character, construction, and detail of old examples, Robert Adam might have realised something notable, there is little among these designs that reflects credit on his taste.

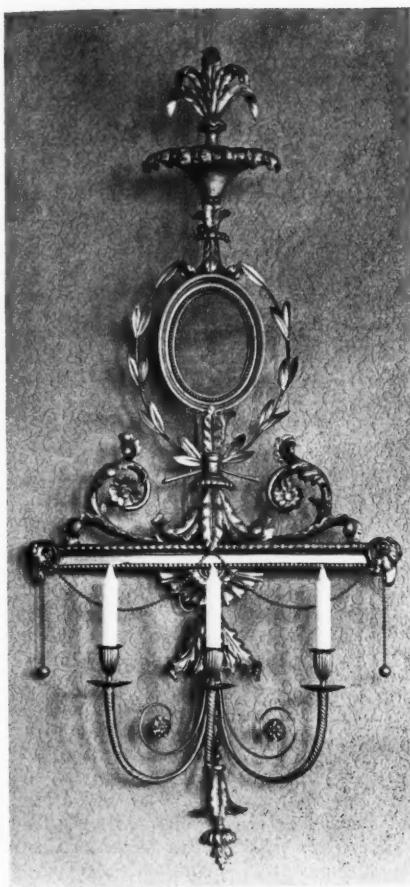
It must be remembered that this phase began some ten years before Adam started in practice. The sham castle on Edgehill, built by Sanderson Miller of Radway, was opened in 1750, and had been succeeded by many others built in open rivalry or imitation. The castle ruin at Hagley built in 1747, was visited and praised by Horace Walpole in 1753. In 1760 Lord Lyttelton



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THE "EATING-ROOM."

"COUNTRY LIFE."



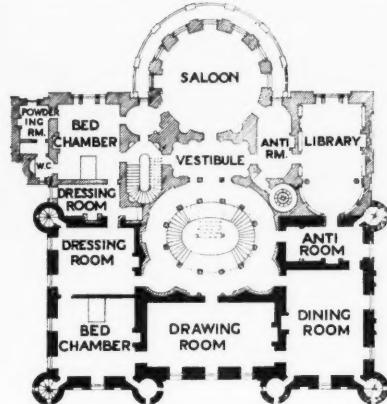
ADAM GIRANDOLE.

of the chapel and the reliquaries, in short a thousand trifles exposed to sneers."

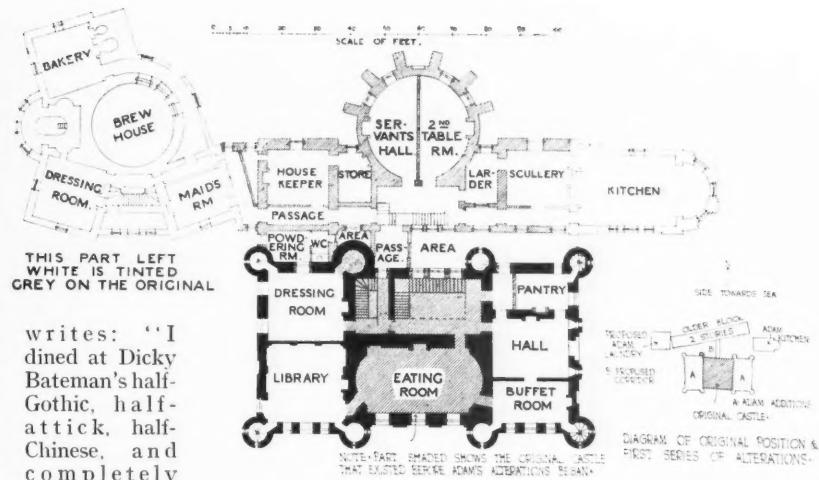
A Gothic conservatory in wood is undertaken by the great Sanderson Miller, who was acclaimed as "The Master of Gothic." The builder, who is to do the work according to his design, gravely suggests that the "ornaments shall be in lead, as, if in wood, they must be cut across the grain, and the wet will soon rot them."

Miller was owner of a thatched cottage which he had built at Radway near Edgehill. This with "The Castle" was the centre point of picnics and excursions for all the distinguished visitors to the locality. Lord North is constantly arranging to borrow the keys for such visits by his own guests. Horace Walpole in fact felt considerable jealousy of the achievements of Miller, who seems to have done his best to placate the owner of Strawberry Hill by pointedly desiring his expert advice.

At Windsor, at so late a date as 1824-28, we see the culmination as it



FIRST FLOOR PLAN.



GROUND FLOOR PLAN.

were of the epoch of castle building. Sir Geoffrey Wyatville (1766-1840) makes us forget his heavy forms and barbarous detail by the sheer force of genius by which he has combined the older buildings of the castle into a grand pictorial group. Seen at a distance, Windsor seems to realise the castle palace of the poet. There is one sketch for "Proposed additions to Dunbar for the Earl of Lauderdale, 1790," where Robert Adam proposed to encircle an old oblong Scotch castle with a great sweep of low castellated office buildings. This, if it had been carried out with adequate detail and with the advantage of the surrounding waters of a lake, might, perhaps, have challenged



IN THE LONG DRAWING-ROOM.

comparison with Wyatville's Windsor Castle. On a level site, however, it would be too much like sundry jails of that period. It is more than doubtful if Adam had ever grasped the significance of the structure and growth of the old castles in relation to their site. It is quite clear that he had no idea of the part played by the subsidiary residential and other structures of timber within the original lines of defence.

The whole of this eighteenth century castle building epoch was essentially false and ended in nothing, and it has no importance except as a record of the side issues of the social life of the last half of the eighteenth, and of its echo in the first quarter of the nineteenth century.

On Adam's designs for rustic pavilions, ruins, monastic or Roman, it is still less necessary to dwell.

Fortunately Robert Adam seems to have been satisfied with external castellated effects, and for the interior followed his usual style of decorative finish. (Excepting, in particular, Alnwick Castle where, by special desire of the Duchess of



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AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY CARD TABLE.

"C.L."

Adam's castles we can only say that some of his designs have, apart from their puerile detail, the same sense of the element of romance in building which makes Windsor Castle in a distant view a unique vision. Wyatville's coup in raising the Round Tower by a mighty screen wall is one of those strokes that is justified by its success. Culzean Castle in the same way, as the view shows, has on Adam's lines acquired an element of picturesque effectiveness that should excuse its inadequate handling in detail.



Copyright.

ADAM TABLE IN ROUND DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Adam, however, in spite of these excursions in the "Castle Style" never deserted classic art. There is often the classic alternative to the "Design in the Castle Style" which has evidently been demanded. Probably to Adam the site was an important element in the case. While he is stated to have advised that the Carlton Hill site justified a fortress jail, he saw in the development of the New Town a field for planning in the grand manner. The scheme for Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, like his last work in London, Fitzroy Square, shows the characteristic manner which he had originated in its fullest development.

Culzean Castle, therefore, represents an important element in Robert Adam's achievement as an architect. It cannot be ignored in any true estimate of his work and of his times. There is more in his treatment than in the attempts of his father, William Adam, and of Robert Morris at Inverary. In all that passed through his hands we see traces of a definite idea, arising from his profound studies and eclectic observation of architecture in its widest sense.

Culzean owes much to nature, a rocky cliff gives height and interest to its fine grouping, and the glen provides an interesting approach while sheltering a magnificent growth of trees and shrubs that the keen sea winds would otherwise cut down rapidly. The situation, in fact, stirred the underlying romance of Robert Adam's nature, and his personal sketches in light and shade show how much it appealed to him. He first conceived the great round tower as surrounded by a chain of tall arches, whose shadows should give force to the natural play of light upon its curving surfaces. There is the boldness characteristic of the Romanesque style in this scheme illustrating the wide scope of Robert Adam's observation and study. There will be always those who will cavil at the historical inadequacy of the detail, but the architect of Culzean was intent on a treatment of mass in a relative flatness which he felt was appropriate. The thoughtful student of architecture will surely agree that the Castle of Culzean justifies itself on broader grounds than those derived from mere correctness of imitation.

ARTHUR T. BOLTON.

THE FLEMISH SYSTEM OF POULTRY REARING: SCIENTIFICALLY IMPROVED.—XI.

BY BELLE ORPIGNE (FORMERLY MADAME B. ALBERT JASPER).

"BELLE ORPIGNE PHOSPHATE MIXTURE."

I WILL not delay giving the recipe for my phosphate mixture any longer on account of the moulting season that has already begun, as it will help the hens to cast off their feathers easily and renew them quickly. This mixture will be found most useful for the rearing of table birds and for the laying season; it eradicates all leg weakness, cramps, etc. It would have been given several weeks ago had I not been trying some chemical adjuncts to it with a view to keeping the liquid mixture in a pure and sweet state longer than it generally does. Hydrochloric acid or chloroform would, under certain conditions, have answered very well, but these chemical substances might be dangerous, and the remedy worse than the evil. Up till now I have not found anything that would not affect the birds while acting efficaciously as a preservative of the mixture; therefore we shall have to put up with the necessity of making this concoction fresh every day. We must never lose sight of the fact that the liquid mixture ought to be used absolutely fresh, otherwise it might scour the birds and lose its effect.

When my readers have tested it for some time they will realise the practical worth of my advice, but it must be remembered that a fair test can only be made if all the instructions given are faithfully carried out. The proportion must be no less, no more, than according to the directions; no sudden increase or decrease. Contradictory results may easily be obtained from the same mixture when used by different persons, simply because of the difference between careful and careless following of the directions. How often people say when speaking of drugs, "If I give a little more it will not hurt, it is harmless." It might hurt all the same; consequently no fanciful interpretation of the instructions should be made, but they should be followed carefully. Let me give you an example of the different effects that may be obtained according to the difference of application.

Supposing this phosphate mixture is given longer than is indicated to table birds the result would be that they would lose their table qualities as they would be too active. We want, in the rearing of table fowls, to see the birds grow quickly, but, once they are of sufficient size our object is to make them put on fat quickly and easily, and keep the juicy flesh quality of the young birds. The length of time this mixture can be given has been tested, and must be followed exactly if the best results are to be obtained.

"Belle Orpigne" Mixture: Take six tablespoonfuls of bran, six tablespoonfuls of black oats with the husk, four tablespoonfuls of Egyptian lentils, six tablespoonfuls of rice with husk, three tablespoonfuls of big yellow maize; put these twenty-five tablespoonfuls of cereals in a big enamelled vessel, pour over it six French litres

of cold, hard water (a French litre measure can easily be obtained in London). Place the vessel on the fire and let it boil without cover for three hours. A third of the liquid will be absorbed by the grain and two litres evaporated by the boiling, and two of extract will be obtained. The whole of the mixture should be strained through a medium wire sieve; the liquid obtained will be yellowish and of a mucilaginous texture. It should be used warm, mixed in the first mash given in the morning; this quantity of liquid will at first be sufficient for twenty-five full grown birds till they are accustomed to it. Part of the beneficial effect that may be anticipated has already been explained in the Principles of Feeding articles.

We know that the phosphates extracted from the soil are not retained in the body but are eliminated. The celebrated scientist Boussingault wrote: "The phosphates to be absorbed by animal or human organisms must first be elaborated through a vegetable vehicle." This scientific fact has since been recognised by Hutchison, Roberts, Kellner, Voigt, Shultz, Liekernick, etc. From the above mixture we also obtain a large amount of lecithin, this phosphoric substance may be compared to an accumulator of energy.

According to Shultz and Liekernick the vegetable lecithin has the same chemical composition as the animal lecithin of the egg; it is found in quantities of seeds, plants, spores in young growth, in cereals, etc. This substance plays a most important part in the body. It forms bones, nerves, capillary system and feathers, it is found also in marrow, in brain, in fact all through the living body. Potassium, which is present also in a large proportion in this mixture, has a great influence on growth. According to Professor Dehéram, potassium has a direct connection with the development and vigour of the animal or human being. The mixture also contains manganese, magnesia, calcium, oxide of iron in varying proportions. All these salts are acted upon in the stomach by the gastric juices and bacteria. They vitalise animal energy by liberating warmth and electricity in the cells, which immediately absorb them. This mixture is a strongly condensed addition to what the birds obtain insufficiently from their food.

The absorption of the same amount of mineral and vegetable salts is an absolute impossibility on account of the enormous amount of food that would have to be eaten by the birds. It replaces the commercial phosphates given in the Flemish ration (see preceding article). It costs very little compared with the price of the commercial phosphates and acts differently, most efficaciously and productively. The beneficial effect on health and growth is wonderful. I gave it to my birds for years, till I found a concentrated way of administering it in a dry form, which was more convenient for a paying business,

as, owing to the negligence of my assistants, I had experienced some diarrhoea in the birds, because the mixture had not been freshly made. The introduction into this phosphate of several items rather difficult to handle on account of their varied properties, which have to be carefully measured, and of the analysis required, makes its manufacture impossible for people who do not possess sufficient chemical knowledge and special machinery. It is a more complete product, fulfilling every possible requirement of the birds, easier of application and permitting the breeder to dispense with milk for the rearing of table fowls, a substitute for milk being included in it. Thanks to the intelligent utilisation of the waste products and the extra weight of birds obtained, its cost is repaid ten fold. In the condensed dry form, the vehicle chosen for these phosphates and vegetable and mineral salts, is in the meantime a concentrated food of high nourishing value, which has to be added to the basal ration or to whatever other food chosen. This dry concentrated phosphate will be on the English market in a short time under the registered trade mark of "Belle Orpigne." The dry form keeps indefinitely without losing its quality or power.

In whatever way it is given it will eradicate anaemia, paleness of face in laying hens kept in confinement, in rearing, laying and especially in the fertility of the eggs and strength of the germs, thereby producing greater vitality in baby chicks. The application of the liquid form should be as follows. For the rearing of table birds, four litres should be given to 100 chicks from the first day of their lives in their first mash, and increase slowly to 8 litres when they reach six weeks old, then decrease till complete cessation when the chicks are eight weeks old. The effect continues for some days.

When given to chickens meant for breeding and laying purposes the same course should be followed till they are four months old, and slowly decreased to four litres till the birds reach their fifth month. When given to twenty-five hens, two litres should be given the first week, increased to six in moulting time, then gradually decreased after feathering to four litres, which are to be given all the year round. The mash in which the liquid is introduced should be sparingly given in order to compel them to eat it all up.

The birds are generally very fond of it. The grain has to be cooked—not soaked—not less than three hours in the evening, then covered and left on the stove the whole night. It should be strained in the morning and used immediately. Should the quantity of liquid be too great for the mixing of the mash, the remainder should be given as a first drink in the morning, but it is better used with food. If the mixture should be found cold in the morning, the thick gelatinous cream, which will be found over it, should be skimmed off and mixed in the mash, as it contains appreciable nutrients. Then the liquid should be warmed up, strained after warming, and used immediately.

The by-products of these phosphates are for the greater part carbohydrates, transformed by the cooking into converted sugar (dextrose). It has a great value as food for pigs, but not for hens, because it is too fattening for laying hens and will produce inferior quality of fat for table fowls. It should be consequently utilised for pigs only. This waste product might be eventually easy to sell in the neighbourhood for the purpose of fattening pigs. Now that my readers are in possession of the recipe for this valuable mixture, let us return to the selection of hens and cocks for utility production.

HENS AND EGG PRODUCTION.

To believe in science, as far as theory is confirmed by practice, does not prevent believing still more in the deductions and observations made by simple people. How many times learned persons have closed their eyes to facts that, according to science, were improbable, until they had to realise that science is not infallible and can be advantageously supplanted by practice. Closer investigations of apparently insignificant factors believed to be of no importance have led scientists later on to recognise that the common-sense of peasants was superior to their theories. This good practical sense did not show itself in Belgium, where the production of eggs for table birds is obtained. For the last twenty years the enormous development of our rearing industry has roused in the Flemish peasantry an avaricious spirit which has made them kill "La poule aux œufs d'or." Their ancient skill in the handling of birds had totally disappeared in view of immediate profit: nothing else was perceptible to them except that the more eggs they could obtain the more they would have to sell, or the more birds they would have to rear for table; they never thought

of the future. So it was that, after the first year of laying, they got rid of the young hens in order to avoid feeding them during the winter. Only the young immature stock was kept for laying and breeding purposes. Nowhere has a too close relationship been avoided; pedigree was not even thought of, and inbreeding was practised everywhere indiscriminately, the consequence has been regrettable as to the laying power and the stamina of the national breed. The standard of laying has decreased to such an extent that this bird has become a very bad layer and is kept only for the production of table fowls. Fortunately, the utility breeders of the Campines, Braekels, and Brabançonne have managed differently and kept up the stamina of their stock. These breeds are excellent layers, the last named very good for table also very rustic, laying an average of 170 eggs per annum, weighing 70grm.

To preserve the productive quality of these birds the breeders select their hens not only through the general liveliness, activity and parentage, but also attribute to the cock an importance too often neglected. They have noticed that the daughters of their selected male were developing the quality of good layers. The cocks that crow first, those showing a precocious tenderness towards the hens, those demonstrating a highly combative instinct are thought to be of a greater vitality and able to influence favourably the fecundity of the offspring; these birds are reserved for the annual mating. Practice and science have proved that such precocity of sexual and combative instincts corresponds in the female offspring to a greater precocity and prolificness, therefore good layers may be spoilt, or rather, perhaps, the laying powers of their offspring may be lessened, by an injudicious mating. This way of selecting indicates that those breeders, with great common-sense, rely on heredity as far as the vitality and stamina of their breeding birds are proved to them by visible qualities.

Another curious method of selecting the cocks is applied by the Belgian breeders of the small and beautiful bantam breeds, the Ardennais, the Bassett, and the little bearded Antwerps are selected by a crowing competition. Their breeders come with their little cocks enclosed in baskets; these are numbered and placed on a long table, side by side. Each bird remains in his basket; people sit about, and the judges, watch in hand, are ready to take notes. Every crow is registered near the number of the crower. Big bets are staked on the birds as well as big prizes: the bird that crows the most times in the hour is the winner of the competition. He is considered to be the most pugnacious and precocious of all the birds present. He is the idol of the house, as he not only earns money by his vocal powers, but he is used for breeding, the eggs coming from his mating pen being in great demand as he improves the laying power of the hens, and also because the buyers expect a still better competitor from the eggs bought for incubating purposes.

This way of selection combines pleasure and profit; improves the utility quality of the birds, procures innocent amusement, and satisfies the gaming instinct that exists in so many people. It is in the meantime deprived of the cruelty of cock-fighting. Nothing prevents this selection being made with bigger breeds. The birds subjected to a crowing competition develop their desire to be the best, it increases their vigour by the rage it incites in them at hearing the other cocks crowing, it also stimulates their virile qualities.

There still exist many other ways than those already described of selecting the hens for utility purposes, namely, by trap-nests; there exist several varieties of them working on the same principle, the hen enters the nest and by so doing unlocks the door which closes behind her. When she is shut in no other hens can enter the nest, and she herself cannot get out unless released by some one. One of the drawbacks of these nests is, that if the hen is not released quickly enough, she becomes nervous and indignant at being a prisoner, then she tries by every means to get out, with the result that her egg may be pushed against the wall and get broken. As soon as the hen is attracted by the moisture of the broken egg she tastes it and likes it, and straightway becomes an egg-eater. Such hens are so clever that they leave absolutely no trace of their mischief behind them. Once this bad habit is started it is very difficult to cure it. Numerous trials have been made but none has proved reliable. Sometimes it also happens that a peaceful hen finding herself perfectly happy in the quiet of the trap-nest would remain in it for some hours, half asleep, preventing her comrades from occupying the nest. Ordinary trap-nests have to be numerous in order to be practical, and unfortunately they entail the obligation of

releasing the hens several times in the day in order to identify the eggs, this being absolutely necessary when birds are bred for pedigree layers or exhibition purposes. In a commercial undertaking we have to select our hens in a simpler way, because this liberating is costly in time and constant

attendance. Wherever the hens are numerous, a man will be occupied a great part of the day in releasing them, and as all assistants are not to be relied upon, it is better to do without this risk and expense, which is perfectly possible.

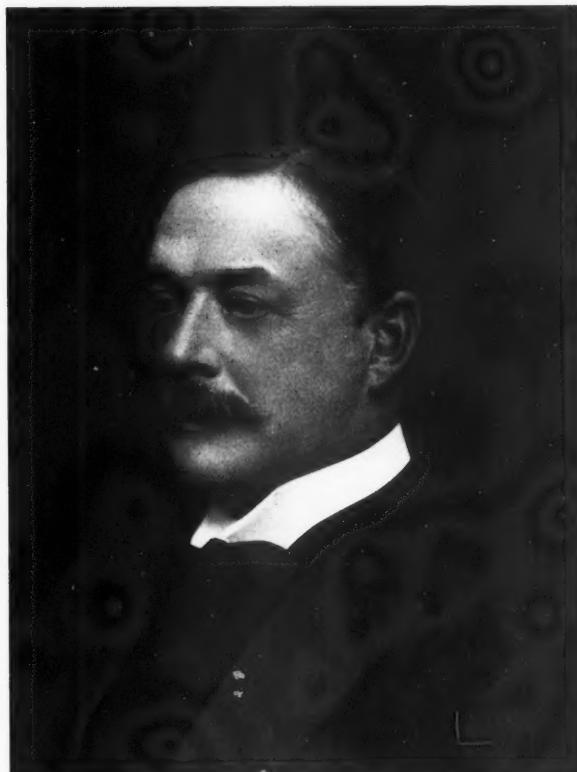
(To be continued on September 25th.)

WHAT NOTTS AND DERBY HAVE DONE FOR THE WAR.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.—I.

Both the 1st and 2nd Battalions have fought magnificently in this campaign, and . . . they have always brought credit to the regiment and to the counties to which they belong.—SIR HORACE SMITH-DORRIEN.

NO Englishman has done more for his country in this great war than the Duke of Portland. He is, as everybody knows, a great country gentleman and agriculturist, and when war was declared Welbeck Abbey, his famous country seat, was full of visitors come to take part in a function lying very near to his heart, the annual estate show or review of the year's agricultural work. But it was with difficulty that he was induced to let it proceed. For very promptly he recognised the national danger signal which ought to rally all for the one purpose. Since then his life and that of his household has been ardently devoted to the service of the country. At a recruiting meeting at Nottingham he declared that he could have felt "nothing less than a despicable wretch had not his son and every other member of the family bearing the name of Bentinck come forward at the present moment." What used to be the endless



Elliott and Fry. THE DUKE OF PORTLAND. Copyright.

activities at Welbeck—building, planting, improvement—were brought to a standstill so that the hundreds of men employed might be free to devote their services to the country. When the King declared that till the war was over his establishment must become teetotal the Welbeck cellars were closed. From the beginning the Duke interested himself most actively in

works of charity and mercy. His was the first ambulance motor to be used on the field of battle, and, till its arrival, the wounded had to be jolted hospital-wards on any farm vehicle that came handy. The first car sent over was returned to Welbeck and there remains, battered by many journeys, but preserved as an heirloom to remind future generations of the great war. His work as President of the Agricultural Relief of Allies Committee is but one among a thousand of his activities. No need to add that the Duchess is heart and soul with him. The motto of her life is printed and shown on many of the walls. "I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good therefore that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any fellow creature, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

Her record of work done for the Red Cross and the hospitals is the translation into deeds of the noble words of her motto. The son and heir, the Marquess of Titchfield, who is a lieutenant in the Blues, is an aide-de-camp in

the Derbyshire Yeomanry; Lieutenant F. W. Cavendish Bentinck, who is in the King's Royal Rifles, the eldest son of the Hon. W. G. F. Cavendish Bentinck has been wounded. Lieutenant-Colonel George Savile Foljambe of Osberton is in charge of the depot of the 8th Sherwood Foresters at Newark, and of his two sons serving, Lieutenant Edmond W. S. Foljambe



Lallie Charles Copyright.
THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND.



Mary Laffan. Copyright.
THE MARQUESS OF TITCHFIELD.

has been a prisoner of war since September, while his brother, Major Hubert Foljambe of the King's Royal Rifles, was killed in action on the heights of the Aisne in September—a soldier *sans peur et sans reproche*.

In the Nottingham district, Lieutenant J. Byron Noel, grandson of the late Hon. Henry Noel of Lamcote House on the Trent, was wounded at Le Cateau. His regiment, the Yorkshire Light Infantry, were badly cut up in their devoted rearguard action in the retreat from Mons, and Lieutenant Noel, who was observing and directing the fire of his platoon, was hit by a shot which wounded him in the head and hand, and taken prisoner. Lord Middleton's brothers, the Hon. Claude Willoughby and the Hon. Tatton Willoughby, are serving, the former at remount work at York, the latter engaged in raising a regiment; and of the Hon. Alexander Willoughby's two sons, Mr. James Willoughby, in the Northamptonshire Regiment, was wounded at Neuve Chapelle, while the second son, who was in the Royal Naval Reserve, is on a destroyer at the Dardanelles. Of Captain the Hon. Ernest Willoughby's four sons, two, Commander Digby Willoughby and Lieutenant Charles Willoughby, are serving in the Indefatigable and the Queen Mary, while Captain Guy Willoughby is with the Indian cavalry with the Persian Gulf expeditionary force; and Captain Godfrey Willoughby of the Rifle Brigade, a promising and much beloved officer, fell "magnificently" at Hooge. Sir Thomas Birkin of Ruddington Grange has four sons serving; Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Birkin, who has commanded the 7th Sher-

wood Foresters since 1908, and has been wounded in July, Major Philip Birkin, who is in the 2nd Reserve of the Sherwood Rangers, Major Harry Birkin with the South Nottinghamshire Hussars, and Lieutenant-Colonel Richard Birkin, who is doing remount work; while his grandson, Mr. Thomas Birkin, is with the South Nottinghamshire Hussars. Sir Hervey Bruce of Clifton Hall has lost a grandson, Naval

and son of General Sir H. Hildyard, went out as Brigade-Major of the 7th Brigade of the 2nd Army Corps and has been wounded and mentioned in despatches. On the left bank, Mr. Evelyn Kyrle Smith of Oxton Hall is captain in the 2nd/8th Sherwood Foresters.

Near Newark, Captain Cogan of the Northumberland Fusiliers, younger son of Mrs. Cogan of Musham Grange, went out with his regiment, the Northumberland Fusiliers, and served from Mons to the Marne, where he was wounded; and Major F. Cogan, the eldest son, has done good service in the Flying Corps and has been mentioned in despatches. Captain Arthur Bromley of Stoke Park is on the Indefatigable, and Mr. George A. Fillingham of Syerston Hall is in the South Nottinghamshire Hussars. Captain Thorpe of Coddington Hall is at the front with his old regiment, the Scots Guards; his brother, Captain Gervase Thorpe of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, now on the Staff in France, has been twice mentioned in despatches and won the D.S.O.; and his brother, Major Harold Thorpe, is serving in the Sherwood Rangers. Lieutenant-Colonel Oates of Beesthorpe is in command of the 2nd/8th Sherwood Foresters, and his son, Mr. J. S. C. Oates, went out with the 8th Sherwood Foresters to the front, where he was wounded early in June. Colonel Charles Waring Darwin of Elston Hall has two sons serving, Lieutenant Charles John Wharton Darwin, who has been with the 2nd Coldstreams since the outbreak of the war, and Midshipman Francis Wharton Darwin, on the Superb. Mr. William Wright of Fiskerton Manor has his eldest son serving, Captain Gervase Wright, who just enlisted in the 1st Sportsmen's battalion of the Royal Fusiliers, now holds a commission in the 3rd/8th Sherwood Foresters.

Near Southwell, Mr. John Warwick of Upton Hall has two sons serving, the elder, Lieutenant D. V. Warwick, in the 59th Brigade of the Field Artillery at the front, the younger, Mr. Cedric Warwick, in the South Nottinghamshire Hussars. Mr. William Norton Hicking of Brackenhurst Hall has two nephews serving, Lieutenant G. G. Hicking in the 11th Yorkshire Regiment and Mr. F. J. Hicking in the 13th West Yorkshire Regiment. The Rev. Henry Warrand of Westhorpe Hall was serving until last July in the Territorial force reserve, when he was obliged by ill health to resign his commission.

In the northern district of Nottinghamshire, Captain R. J. C. Otter, the eldest son of Captain R. C. Otter of Royston Manor, has been killed in action; and Lieutenant G. C. F. Harcourt-Vernon of the Grenadier Guards, eldest son of Mr. Edward Evelyn Harcourt-Vernon of Grove Hall, was severely wounded on the Aisne last September. Colonel H. Denison, who command the 2nd Scottish Horse Brigade, has four sons serving; Captain E. B. Denison, who has been mentioned in despatches, and has won the Military Cross, in the King's Royal Rifles; Captain H. Denison in the Royal Field Artillery, Captain G. L. Denison in the 14th King's Royal Rifles, and Lieutenant H. A. Denison in the 11th King's Royal Rifles. Lieutenant-Colonel A. E. Whitaker is on the staff of the 2nd Mounted Division in Egypt, and his son, Second-Lieutenant J. A. C. Whitaker, is in the Coldstream Guards. Captain the Hon. G. V. A. Monckton-Arundell, Lord Galway's son, is Staff Captain to the 4th Cavalry Brigade at the front, and has been mentioned in despatches, as was Colonel Joseph Laycock of Wiseton Hall, who served for many years under Lord Galway in the Sherwood Rangers, and made the South African campaign with distinction.

M. J.



LIEUTENANT M. A. LEY.
Killed in Flanders.



CAPT. G. V. A. MONCKTON-ARUNDELL.
Mentioned in despatches.

Cadet Gervase Ronald Bruce, who went down with the Monmouth off the Chili coast in his sixteenth year; and three sons are with the Colours, Major H. R. Bruce, who is second in command of the 14th Royal Irish Rifles, Major P. R. Bruce, in the South Nottinghamshire Hussars, and Captain W. Bruce of the Dublin Fusiliers, who has been wounded at Gallipoli. Mr. Edge of Strelley has two sons serving, Mr. R. T. Edge in the Royal Engineers, and Mr. J. V. Edge in the 8th Sherwood Foresters, and Major Montagu Hall of Whatton Manor is second in command of the 15th Sherwood Foresters. Mr. Franklin of Gonalston Hall has lost a son, Captain Philip Franklin, who went down with his ship in the action off the coast of Chili.

South of Nottingham, near the Leicestershire border, Lord Belper, who is a Captain in the 2nd Life Guards, has been invalided home from the front; Mr. Carr of Rempstone Hall has two sons serving, Lieutenant A. W. Carr, who has been with the 5th Lancers since the outbreak of war, and was wounded on the Aisne, and Second-Lieutenant Philip G. Carr, in the 7th Dragoons.

Following the broad highway of the Trent from Nottingham to Newark, on the left of the river, at Epperstone, Sir Francis Ley's three sons have all been serving, and the youngest, Second-Lieutenant Maurice Aden Ley, who was in the Buffs, but attached to the 1st Lincolns, fell at Wytchaete in November. On the right bank of the river, Major Reginald Hildyard, D.S.O., nephew of Mr. T. B. T. Hildyard of Flintham,

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

CAPTAIN DICKIE'S *Peter Tamson, Elder and Sportsman*, which we are publishing in the course of a few days, is already familiar to readers of COUNTRY LIFE, since the various episodes in the elder's life appeared originally in our pages. I have no intention of criticising it in detail, but its publication has given birth to certain reflections on Scottish literature that may not be without interest. Scotland is but a little country, yet it has always been fertile in the production of "characters" and the portrayal of these has been the ambition of Scottish writers. Reference is hardly needed to Sir Walter Scott's great and immortal gallery of them. The Red Macgregor and Meg Merrilees, Jonathan Oldbuck and Dugald Dalgetty, Diana Vernon and Jeanie Deans, Blind Willie and Dandie Dinmont, hold places beside the personages of Shakespearian drama. Their creator showed his greatness in frankly representing the weakness of his countrymen, yet with large hearted wisdom placing them in right proportion. It is only a little mind or a caricaturist who exaggerates a failing. For the time being we need take no account of the unpatriotic mercenary who so to speak "botanises on his mother's grass," or tries to make money by holding the failings of his countrymen up to ridicule.

After Scott's day no one arose to fill his commanding position. There were, however, many writers, excellent so far as they went, who, though they could not paint on his big canvases, yet drew bits of Scottish life with a true hand. Among them was John Galt, whose tradition was later on to inspire the popular Kail-Yaird school. Its members thoroughly understood the art of turning the peculiarities of their compatriots into money. They achieved that end by laying on pathos and "bleat" with a trowel, till the reader was asked to believe the typical Scot to be the incarnation of a maudlin sentimentalism. We know the opposite to be the case—that he is hard, near and mean, his sterling worth concealed under an unprepossessing exterior. Richie Moniplies in "The Fortunes of Nigel" is the most forbidding type, and Baillie Nicol Jarvie the most attractive. The little authors have never shown themselves possessed of Scott's moderation, just as none of them had that easy and natural humour which enabled him to glance kindly at human weaknesses.

It is impossible to consider Peter Tamson without recalling Mansie Waugh. Yet Captain Dickie had not read that amusing volume when he started writing. Nevertheless, we can point to some curious parallelisms. Mansie's "only begetter" was a doctor whose heroism during an outbreak of plague will entitle him to the statue which commemorates his services on the banks of the Esk. He was indeed a charming and gifted man, the author of "Casawappy," and several other poems whose pathos and imagination justify their inclusion in the great books of Scottish literature. At the time of the False Alarm, when Bony was a terror, Mansie Waugh was a tailor in Dalkeith, and the "confidential elder of Mr. Wiggie." Moir, like Captain Dickie, took his characters and facts from the actual life around him, and to read the two books is to gain a vivid idea of the changes that have come over provincial Scotland in the interval. Open a page at random and you are sure to find something that tells of the change. In the laughable account of his calf-love when he fled in terror from his rival, the blacksmith, he never stopped "till I found myself on the little stool by the fireside and the hamely sound of my mother's wheel bum-bumming in my lug like a gentle lullaby." The little stool or "creepie" used to be an essential part of cottage furniture. Next morn we hear of him "driving out the gaislings on the grass." Cock-fighting on Eastern's Een is referred to in the most matter-of-fact, realistic manner.

Some of the comic touches would be inconceivable nowadays. For example, at a banquet given by the Duke, the Civic Fathers, not having seen one before, ate their cigars! and were horrified when they saw their noble Lord light his at one end. On another occasion having lapsed into "debosh" one night, he is advised to experiment next morning by drinking a bottle of soda water for which he paid sixpence. "Save us! all at once it gave a thud like thunder, driving the cork over poor Benjie's head, while it squirted there up in his eyes

like a fire-engine." And the book is a *thesaurus* of old Scottish words, idioms and proverbs.

Captain Dickie, writing in modern times for a modern audience, has presented to us an elder of the kirk who has been in some respects modified by the passage of time. He is by no means so unsophisticated as was the elder of Dr. Moir. When Mansie Waugh wished to take a holiday he thought it a great thing to get one of his cronies to give him a ride in a cart to Rosslyn, where he ate many strawberries, the coldness of which induced him afterwards to take more fiery liquid than was good for him. For the rest, he heard the birds sing, saw the blue skies and rejoiced as a child might have done at the pleasure of his simple outing. But Peter Tamson is a sportsman as well as an elder. He has the care of the siller as strong as men of his nationality usually have and manages his shop with characteristic gumption and hardness, but all the time he has at the back of his mind a thought of hours on the water. He is a master of the rod and line and very intelligent, not only about the ways of the fish, but about the laws and regulations relating to water. In it all there is nothing of the over-sentimentality which has spoilt much recent Scottish fiction, and yet there is a streak of goodness in his character, although it requires a strong occasion to bring it out. It would not be fair, however, to anticipate the pleasure of the reader. Enough to say that the author has succeeded in creating once more a character worthy of being added to the lists of those in Scottish literature. There can be no question about the elder being a man drawn from life. Without exaggeration or buffoonery he comes fresh and living from the little northern village in which the greater part of the scenes are laid. Obviously, among his other gifts is the one for which the minister prayed in a well known story, "Grant us, O Lord, the power of receptivity, the power, ye ken, of takin' things in."

The Little Iliad, by Maurice Hewlett. (Heinemann.)

THE reader will very likely be puzzled to know exactly what Mr. Hewlett would be at, and so will have a dim, uncomfortable feeling that he is being cleverly made a fool of. In saying this we pay him the poor compliment of assuming that he is no sharper than we were. We could not and cannot decide whether Mr. Hewlett wrote his book to amuse us or only to amuse himself. The best we can do is to pass the reader a hint of the plot. Hector Malleson, a high-minded and tactless idealist, "the most serious young man in the world, and one of the most ridiculous," meets, in Italy, a lovely Polish Baroness, Helena von Broderode, and her Austrian husband. The Baron is crippled with locomotor ataxy, but he fights it heroically. He is probably very wicked; there is a suggestion of grossness and brutality about him, but he is a gallant fighter and an entertaining person. Hector thinks of him as an abhorrent satyr and determines to rescue the wife, with whom he has fallen in love at first sight in an anaemic way of his own. First of all, the Baron and Baroness come to stay at Inveroran, the home of Hector's father, Sir Roderick Malleson, a vain, absurd, lovable, patriarchal Highland chieftain. The five other brothers and Sir Roderick himself all fall in love with Helena, and she has what is commonly known as the time of her life. When she goes away Hector follows her, still bent on persuading her that she is very unhappy, and ultimately makes her leave her husband. She comes again to Inveroran and there follows the siege of Troy. The Baron arrives in a yacht and besets the castle in a masterly and genial manner, which is ultimately successful. Helena surrenders and returns to him. When, soon afterwards, he dies, she comes back yet again to marry, not one of the six sons, but the old chieftain himself. The Baron always keeps things alive as long as he is on the stage, and the account of the first visit to the Highlands is excellent fun. Moreover, all the way through, Mr. Hewlett is full of happy phrases and ever and anon keeps hitting us between the eyes with his cleverness, but he makes all the six Malleson brothers talk and squabble and plan about Helena far too much. They become sadly tiresome, and we much doubt if Helena was worth it.

A Young Man's Year, by Anthony Hope. (Methuen.)

TO plunge straight into a good first chapter is a thing to be grateful for, and Mr. Anthony Hope begins with an agonisingly excellent description of the miseries of a young barrister suddenly bidden to hold somebody else's brief in the Divisional Court. His sickening hopes that he may escape at the last moment, his sensation of hearing his own voice as if it belonged to someone else, his mixture of relief and disappointment when the judges "do not think they need trouble him"—all these things go home to anyone who has experienced the like horrors, and they are so vivid that they must surely entertain the layman as well. It is quite delightful to find an author who describes a court of law and its proceedings as they really are. It is also so very rare. Even the great writer who described the greatest of all trials made Mr. Skimpion cross-examine his own witness, Mr. Winkle, in the most scandalous and impossible manner. There is also, of course, a proper allowance of love-making, including an elopement, and it is done in a skilful and polished manner because Mr. Hope knows his job. Moreover, the picture of

Marie Sarradet and her bourgeois, shopkeeping family with their little second-ratenesses is both subtle and sympathetic. But nothing else has quite the "go" and spirit of the legal adventures. In some of these we seem to detect an autobiographical flavour, especially when the hero goes as marshal to a judge on circuit, although there is no apparent resemblance between Mr. Justice Lance and the late Mr. Justice Hawkins. The young marshal does not, as might be expected, turn into a famous novelist, but into a successful barrister. Certainly it is by a very lucky accident, and other briefless ones must not derive too great encouragement from the story. In an insane moment he has invested £1,000 in a syndicate to produce a farce. The author of the farce is a solicitor in disguise, and, when the farce fails, makes the best amends he can by sending a brief. This, we imagine, is not the sort of thing that often happens in the Temple.

The Perpetual Choice, by Constance Cotterell. (Methuen.)

MISS CONSTANCE COTTERELL has written an amazingly clever book. It is as strong, imaginative and sincere a piece of work as we have come across for a long time. The story is that of an ardent and spirited young girl, who seizes and bends circumstances to the needs of her own life. Morgan le Fel wonders which is the greatest joy in life, creation or love. She decides that for either freedom she goes to London and sets up house with Eliza Mountain. "Nearly all my money's lost—isn't it splendid!" she says to Eliza when she arrives. Eliza is engaged in musical composition, and Morgan sets to work to write a novel. The struggle of the two with poverty and dirt is told with humour. Or rather Morgan's struggle; for Eliza is unconscious of everything but musical inspiration. Morgan does battle valiantly. She washes, dusts, tides the house, Eliza and herself, and in the intervals she is possessed by the rage of creation. Finally she is carried off her feet by a love that there is no notwithstanding. The minor characters are cleverly drawn. The sentimental, deceitful Georgina, with her pale lips and poor eyelashes, is a masterpiece; and Miss Hexamer is wholly delightful. Miss Cotterell's style is forcible and—peculiar! She has her own views as to the use of commas and full stops, and is often elliptical to the extent of obscurity. But the book is a real find in the dust heap of modern fiction, and these faults, if faults they be, but the superficial dross covering the real diamond.



THE LATE 2ND LIEUT. MAUDE.

A GOLFER KILLED IN ACTION.

ANY golfers and many other people as well will have heard with sincere regret of the death of Second Lieutenant John William Ashley Maude, 10th King's Royal Rifle Corps, the only son of Mr. F. W. Maude, who was killed in action on August 23rd. He played his golf chiefly at Littlestone, near his home at New Romney, and was a thoroughly good player, exceedingly steady up to the green and truly formidable upon it, and possessed of an admirable temperament. His even temper and an unfailing sense of humour, that had in it something very quaint and characteristic, made him an unruffled partner and a delightful opponent. He did not play much in competitions, but twice did well in the Bar Tournament when playing from scratch, reaching the semi-final round in 1913 and the final in the following year. Very possibly he would have had more wins to his credit if he had not, like a wise man, played the game essentially for fun and never allowed it to interfere with more serious occupations.

Mr. Maude, who was twenty-nine years old, was at Mr. Arthur Benson's house at Eton and afterwards at Balliol, and was called to the Bar in 1912. In December of last year he received a commission in the King's Royal Rifle Corps, and had only been at the front a few weeks when he was killed. His was an instance of a man with no natural ambition to be a soldier throwing himself whole-heartedly into the new work that had to be done and doing it well. The commanding officer of his battalion wrote of him that he was much loved by the men and most cheerfully obeyed:

"When anything was to be gained by it," he added, "he was perhaps too regardless of his own comfort and safety." He loved life, but he went as cheerfully to his death, of which he had a curious premonition, as he would to a friendly round of golf.

This is only the story of one out of many fine young men of whom, from their character and ability, it may be said that, had they lived, they would have done good things. But, even as it is, those who knew him will always remember him, and that not only because he was such good and amusing company, but because he had a pleasant, generous and sweet-tempered nature. B. D.

THE TILLERER AT STOKE FARM, NOTTINGHAM.

[We have pleasure in publishing the following report by Mr. Seeley on his tillering experiment at Nottingham.—ED.]

THE question, "Can the tillering of wheat be practically assisted by horse-drawn machinery?" raises a problem that is being tested on a large scale at Stoke Farm, Nottingham, this year.

At the present time the nation is enquiring how we may increase the supply of home-grown wheat. Probably the evidence obtainable at Stoke Farm may give the best answer to that national enquiry.

The best time to sow for a very abundant harvest by the tillering process is September. Nor need farmers wait until the statistics of the harvest at Stoke Farm are completed before they can prudently sow by that process for the needs of next year. On the contrary, already there is much evidence available, as may be seen in the accompanying photographs.

By a mistake at the factory in gearing the machine the quantity of seed sown on February 4th and 5th was at the rate of only a quarter bushel per acre, instead of the half bushel that was intended.

Gearing is a matter of discretion (or, as in this case, of mistake), and as the plots show that there was generally space enough for the purpose, we may reckon that if the designed half bushel per acre had been sown on February 4th and 5th the crops would have been about four-fifths more than the crops this year from a quarter bushel per acre, and that would have been remarkably fine.

The test plot and the "control" plot of each kind of wheat received the same manurial treatment and the same seed, and were sown on the same day.

The photograph of ears, to scale, from the coupled plots, showing an ear from the control plot by the usual process on the right of the scale of inches, and an ear from the companion plot by the tillering process on the left of it, gives, it is believed, a fair representation of the ears in the inner portion of each plot.

Plants in the outer rows are often larger, with larger ears than those within, and are not reliable samples of the mass within. The contrast between these ears indicates that the ears in the test plot contain more and also larger grains than those in the "control" plot.

The lower photographs are of the celebrated Canadian wheat Marquis, some plants of which, by the tillering process, obtained much admiration from Canadians at the Royal Agricultural Show, Nottingham.

The left-hand picture is of the ears of a single plant of Marquis wheat, not cut off and grouped, but still on their own root, and resting against the background. The straight and erect stems indicate how they bore the long period of wet and rough weather that delayed the early harvest. Many plants produced a larger number of ears than this. The two plots of Marquis wheat were cut on the same day. The contrast between them was very noticeable.

The two plots of Dreadnought Wheat were treated similarly to those of Marquis. They were sown on February 4th, and the samples were gathered, not quite ripe, on August 18th.

This is much larger in grain and ear than Marquis, as may be noticed in the photographs. It gives a similar contrast between the old and new processes, though not quite so severely.

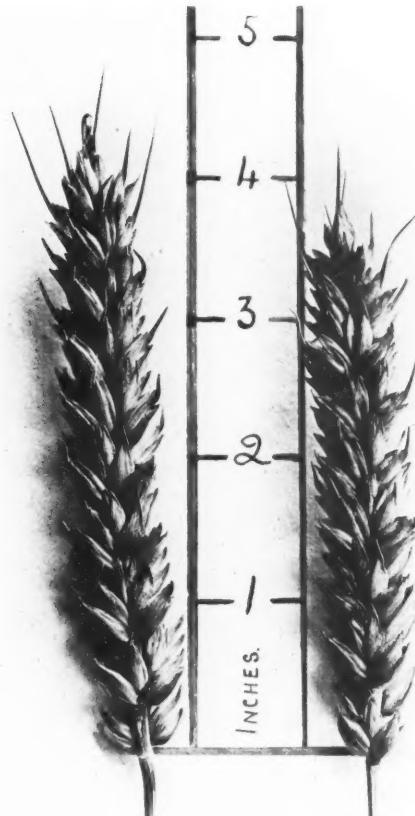
The group photographs set before us productive and beautiful plants, but, as explained above, not the largest of their plots. They are also exceedingly gratifying and suggestive because unexpectedly showing, like very many plants in the test plots, a tendency to produce in each case a large proportion of ears of a high average, whereas, in tillering by hand cultivation, it is more usual to obtain a few abnormally long ears, and the remainder in various degrees of inferiority. If further experience proves that this tendency to average the first class ears of a large plant does indeed belong to the process of mechanically assisted tillering, rightly used, it will be a point greatly in its favour.



DREADNOUGHT WHEAT.

Natural group of ears on one plant still on the root.

Thus far for the two early wheats. The next in order has already yielded photographs more remarkable than the above, and an acre of specially gratifying beauty. The two later wheats are of a different type, and may possibly give remarkable results when sown in early autumn. All the five kinds have borne decisive evidence of the success of the tillering process, and there seems to be no probability that the harvest statistics,



DREADNOUGHT WHEAT.

Test plot compared with control plot.

when they come in, will contradict the evidence already adduced if rightly considered.

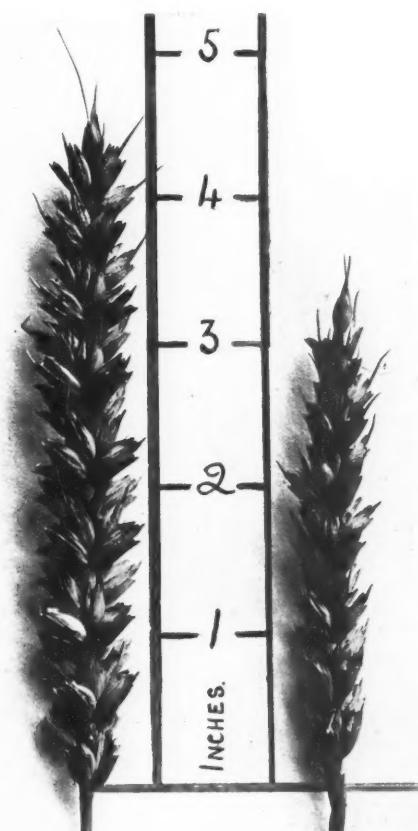
Those who sow by the tiller in early autumn, and sow good seed, half a bushel per acre or rather more if they so desire, will risk very little, and on the contrary will "do their bit" to get more home-grown wheat for next year to their own profit as well as to the national benefit.

E. SEELEY.



MARQUIS WHEAT.

Thirteen ears on one plant still on the root.



MARQUIS WHEAT.

Test plot compared with control plot.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FIELD GLASSES FOR THE TROOPS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A year ago to-day the late Lord Roberts asked the nation to lend field glasses for H.M. Forces in the field. This morning the records show that in response to this, and subsequent letters from Lady Roberts, upwards of 23,000 glasses have been dealt with by the National Service League to whom the working of the scheme was from the first entrusted. This figure, on reflection prodigious, might seem an adequate response, yet to-day the waiting list exceeds the glasses in hand thirtyfold. The truth is the Army still needs and the nation must still give generously, lavishly, magnificently, as heretofore. Our needs are, in order of urgency, prismatic glasses, telescopes and good old fashioned non-prismatic glasses, for N.C.O.'s and men. Opera glasses, unless exceptionally good, are not suitable for military purposes.—JOHN PENOYRE.

THE WALL PANELLING AT BEACONS HOUSE.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I was much interested in your illustrated account of Beacons House, Painswick, in your issue of August 21st, but am surprised that Mr. St. Clair Baddeley makes no reference to the deplorable fact that a London dealer has been allowed to purchase the decorative wall panelling of the dining-room and drawing-room. Mr. Baddeley develops a very interesting theory as to the authorship "of this astonishing display of art, in this small upland town of Cotteswold," which makes it all the more grievous that Painswick has allowed this piece of vandalism to be perpetrated without considerable protest. The present time is not favourable for dealers, and these beautiful specimens of craftsmanship can be still seen in the London showroom. Painswick is gradually becoming jealous of its unique character, and no one has done more to foster this than Mr. St. Clair Baddeley. Possibly the purchasers may realise the enormity of their crime and be persuaded to assist in the restoration of these rooms to their original state. The present owners of the house evidently find it difficult to dispose of for private occupation, as it has been rather built in at the back and they would no doubt be glad to sell at a low figure. The property, with its restored rooms, would make a delightful local museum of ancient records of the locality and a plan for exhibitions of local arts and crafts. The suggestion is to be commended to all interested in the Cotswolds, and to Painswick in particular. If it is true, as Mr. Baddeley says, "it is quite without danger to assert that the entire county of Gloucester has contained no work of this type its superior," it ought not to be difficult to make an appeal for its preservation to the county that would be irresistible. In any case it is time some national authority (it was hoped such existed) had powers to prevent such trafficking with unique records, which lose their interest and character torn from the conditions in which they were designed.—C. S. ORWIN.

NATURE'S SCAVENGERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your correspondent's brief description of orange-striped beetles observed interring a mouse is conclusive. They were Sexton or Burying Beetles, belonging to the gruesomely named genus *Necrophorus*—the Corpse-bearers. His description of their actions, too, is characteristic, for no sooner has a small creature, bird or animal, died than some subtle message is conveyed to these carrion-feeders, and, like the vultures of the Tropics, they congregate to the feast. Possibly a peculiarly sensitive sense of smell resides in the black or yellow clubs in which their feelers terminate. Their mode of working has

often been observed, but perhaps the essentials are worth retelling, both on account of their instinctive perfection and of their significance in the wider economy of Nature. The Burying Beetles hunt in pairs, male and female together. On arriving at a carcass, they first satisfy their appetites upon the dead flesh, then the work of burying commences. And here a division of labour is apparent, for while the males alone generally set to work to dig beneath and around the body, shovelling the earth out with their broadened forelegs, the females work their way into the interior of the carcass. So the dead creature with its content of living beetles sinks gradually below the surface. In the meantime the female beetles have laid their eggs within, and so soon as the grave is deep enough, all the beetles leave it and, having

fed again, sprinkle a layer of earth over the corpse. The wider significance of these curious actions lies in the fact that they seem adapted to the cleansing of the earth, for no more perfect natural purifier could be found than the layer of soil which is heaped over the decomposing matter. But the Burying Beetles are no philanthropists, and their good works serve primarily their own purposes. Within the carcass the eggs hatch, and the grubs devour the moist flesh until, full fed, they develop into pupae and so into adult beetles. All the burying is adapted to rendering as safe as possible the developments of

the young stages. The carcass affords a plentiful supply of food, even for their voracious appetites; but were it to lie simply in the open, above ground, there are many chances that in midsummer, during the egg-laying season, the dead body would dry up. In such case the eggs would never hatch, or if they did the grubs would perish for lack of food. But underground the food is preserved moist and edible, and the success of the life-cycle is assured. So it is that in attending to their own affairs the Scavenging Beetles, cleaners and soil fertilisers, help to oil the Great Wheel of Nature.—JAMES RITCHIE, Royal Scottish Museum, Edinburgh.

THE FOX-SNIPER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In a ramble on the hillside east of the well known Buttertubs Pass between Hawes and Muker in Swaledale I came across a singular building. This is a gritstone area, and great flakes of the stone lie everywhere. A rough hut had been constructed on the bee-hive principle, roofed with a final capstone of Yorkshire flag—the sort of shelter an angler might build on the shore of a mountain tarn, or a couple of shepherds on the edge of the great intake where their flocks will winter. But this was in no such position and must have a different object. Entrance was by a small aperture; there was only room within to sit (and as a seat a pile of flat stones had been built up), and over the entrance was a 2ft. square loophole. This was the clue. Along the sloping terrace in front the shepherds had located a well used fox-road, and in this erection, purposely so rough as to be unrecognisable against the broken flags, they lay in wait to even the reckoning with the red vermin. A great bundle of rushes padded the floor of the loophole, and the stone seat was covered with them. To this shelter the fox-sniper comes before dawn, perhaps armed with the ancient muzzle-loader which his grandfather had used in the same grim business. Some of these long single barrels have great repute as fox-stoppers, and pass from hand to hand for the purpose. That the weapons have survived a century of heavy loads of both powder and shot is a marvel. The idea seems to be to ram home as much black powder as the sniper dare, wad or "stem" well, and then pour in a prodigious quantity of shot. Though these long-barrels "shoot close," the charge is so heavy that a fine sight on the unsuspecting fox is not necessary. The above may read like condoning the murder of foxes, but the vulpine has a far different position in society among the high Pennines. His depredations on the lamb-flock and the grouse-moor are serious, and the country is so vast and smothered in peat-bog and broken rock that hunting by ordinary methods only touches the fringe of the evil.—WILLIAM T. PALMER.

WHERE AUSTRIA, SERBIA AND ROUMANIA MEET.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I was very much interested in the article by J. M. Dodington in your issue of September 4th under the above title, and thought, perhaps, the enclosed photograph of Orsova might have some value at the moment, though it cannot do proper justice to the town which Mr. Dodington was quite justified in describing as beautiful. The magnificent river that flows before it, and the Carpathians behind, provide a setting such as few, if any, other cities in the world can boast.—ROUMANIAN.



ORSOVA.

RACEHORSE STALLION OWNERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I cannot believe it possible that any owner of a fashionable racehorse stallion would take over about forty mares to him in a season. It could only be an injury to the horse and an insult to breeders as far as fair play is concerned. If the horse in question was insured and the horse died, it would surely cause a lawsuit, as the underwriters would expect the horse to be treated in a reasonable manner. A breeders' association should certainly be formed to deal with such matters, the same as the Jockey Club have to enquire into matters which they consider are of wrong doing on the Turf.—J. SIMONS HARRISON.

PUFF BALLS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your correspondence columns I see you give examples of the giant puff ball, which are large specimens, but not as big as that from which the enclosed photograph was taken. It was a little more than 12in. in diameter, 34in. in circumference, and weighed 4½lb. I found another a week or so ago which was nearly as big, and as this puff ball is considered uncommon in



A PUFF BALL 34in. ROUND.

Shropshire, the present season is evidently a "puff ball year." The first-mentioned specimen was found near Broseley, the second on this place.—FRANCES PITTS.

A LINNET IN A SWIMMING RACE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

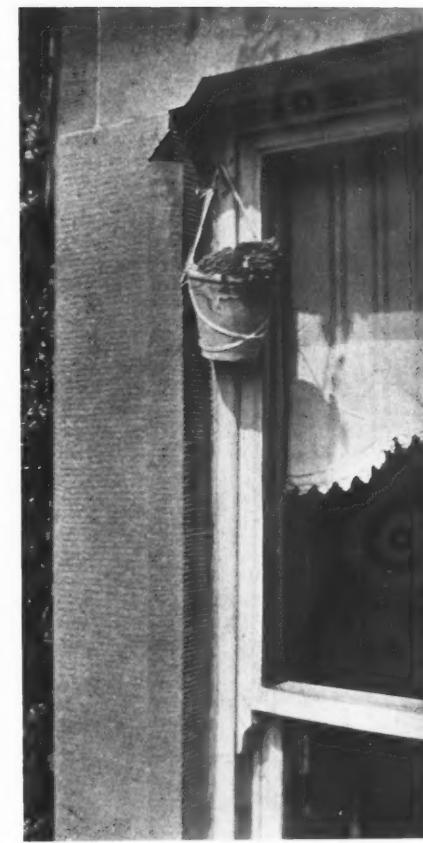
SIR,—We had some water sports this afternoon and one event is, I think, almost unique. The men lined up in the water for one race, and just before the start the white hat of one of the seamen was handed to him and on it sat a linnet, perfectly free and not fastened to the hat in any way. The owner put on the hat and swam the race in it, coming in third. The bird seemed

perfectly unconcerned and pecked at his fingers in a friendly way at the finish of the race. I do not suppose it is often that anyone meets a bird so perfectly tamed and trusting its owner to such an extent as to sit on his head while he swims in a race; the wonderful calmness of the bird was extraordinary.—THE CHAPLAIN, H.M.S. —

MOVING A SWALLOW'S NEST.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—You may consider the accompanying photograph of sufficient interest to insert in your correspondence column. The circumstances were as follows: A pair of swallows built against the sash of a window at Ancroft Vicarage, Northumberland, in such a way as to render it impossible to open the window without damaging the nest. It was decided to let the window remain closed until the brood was hatched. The nest was then carefully removed from the woodwork, placed in the plant pot seen in the photograph and hung up as shown in the same place, but in such a way as not to interfere with the opening and closing of the window. The swallows immediately grasped the situation and undismayed carried the rearing of the young birds to a successful conclusion.—WALTER DE L. AITCHISON.



THE SWALLOWS' NEST IN ITS NEW QUARTERS.



A SERBIAN PLOUGH TEAM.



SHEPHERD LADS AT SKOPLJE.

THE GLEANING BELL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Life in the countryside at harvest season has lost one of its old familiar sounds, the ringing of the gleaning bell at eight o'clock each morning, and the ceasing bell at seven o'clock each evening. I used to hear the bells from two village church towers near where I lived sixty years ago. The morning bell brought out all children dancing along the lanes to the cleared cornfields. It would be interesting to know if any of your other readers remember the gleaning bell.—THOS. RATCLIFFE.

FARMING IN SERBIA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

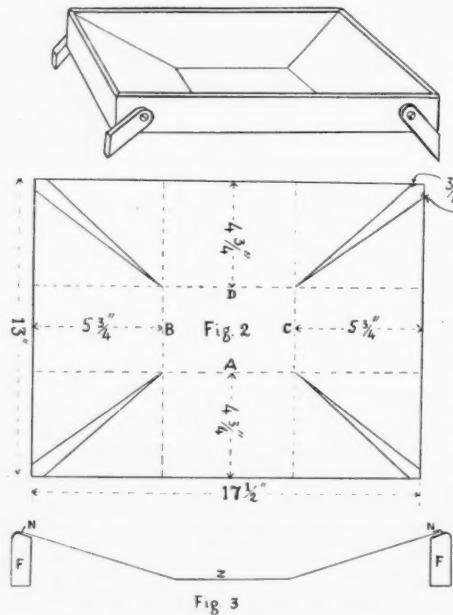
SIR,—Although agriculture has been the principal industry in Serbia from ancient times, the methods of cultivation, handed down from father to son, are of a primitive nature. While every man of fighting age is out on the service of his country, the care of the land is left to the old men, youths and women. One of the photographs shows a team of oxen drawing a wooden plough shod with steel—the type most frequently seen. Maize is the most important cereal grown, and constitutes the principal food of the people. But in addition to her agricultural products, much of Serbia's wealth lies in her livestock and when she has gained her rightful "window on the Adriatic," this and other industries will be greatly extended. The second picture is of a picturesque group of shepherd lads tending their flocks near Skoplje, mildly surprised at the advent of three British women who had driven through acres of opium poppy fields to a quiet valley where tobacco growing and sheep farming seemed to be the main occupations.—F. M. MACLEOD.

HOW TO MAKE A BIRDS' BATH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—No garden should be considered complete without a special corner for the birds, where they can always find food, such as scraps of all kinds from the table, bread crumbs, etc., and water to drink and bathe in. The bath and food should be visible from a window of the house and be deposited in a space free from bushes or other hiding places for cats. It is useless to provide birds with a deep vessel such as an ordinary zinc bath; they will not plunge into deep water, but like a gentle slope down which they can hop or walk to the right depth; neither is a glazed, and consequently slippery, vessel, such as a pie-dish, any good, seeing that in a state of nature the foot of a wild bird encounters nothing but rough surfaces such as the ground and the bark of trees. If, when a bird alights on the edge of a glazed vessel, its feet slip, it will certainly be frightened away. A very good bath, easily made, and one that birds will constantly use, is here described; it can be made almost any size, the larger the better, but should not be less than 16in. long by 12in. wide and 2in. deep in the middle. Get a piece of sheet zinc 17½in. by 13in.; mark it as shown in Fig. 2; cut out the wedge-shaped pieces at the corners, and bend up the sides and ends along the lines A B C D until the edges of the cut corners meet; make the corner joins watertight with solder in the following manner: Apply some spirits of salts to the edges to be joined by means of a strip of card or a piece of cane split at the end to form a sort of brush. Now cut from a thin stick of solder some pieces about ½in. long; place three or four of these along the corner to be joined, tilting the bath with the left hand so that the edges that are to be united rest conveniently and firmly on the bench. The soldering-bit, having been heated, is now applied to each piece of solder in succession, running them together to make a neat and sound join. The other three angles having been treated in the same way the bath is tested by being filled with water, and any leak stopped by another application of the copper bit. Now make a strong frame of wood ½in. thick; cut four strips 2½in. wide and 17½in. long for the sides, and 11in. long for the ends, which are

to be nailed between the side strips. Bevel the inside edge of the frame to fit the slope of the zinc, as shown in section Fig. 3, Z being the zinc bath, and FF the sides of the frame. Round off the top outside edge of the frame as shown, as a bird's foot cannot rest comfortably on a sharp edge; also remove the sharpness of the corners. Having made the bath to fit the frame, as seen in the section—the zinc lying flush with



PLAN OF A BIRD'S BATH.

the bevelled frame-edge—fix the zinc in the frame with ½in. flat brads, driving them in half an inch at right angles to the zinc and touching the edge of the latter, and then bending them over so that they lie close to the surface of the bath (see Fig. 3, NN being the brads, one straight as driven in, the other bent over). Four legs 3½in. long are shaped as seen in Fig. 1, and attached at the corners of the frame; the legs are screwed on so that they move stiffly; by means of these attachments the bath is easily made perfectly level and firm, the legs being adjusted to the uneven surface of the ground. The wooden part of the bath may be painted green with a white edge, the zinc, of course, being left plain. The bath should be kept filled to the brim, and cleaned out now and then. When the birds have grown accustomed to the appearance of the bath, and have finished inspecting it with craned necks from a safe distance, they will be found to highly appreciate it. It is most amusing to watch a starling revelling in the water; he ducks his head and, fluttering wings and tail, scatters the water to a distance of several feet, casting the crystal drops aloft like a fountain. It is also a pretty sight in hot weather to see the small birds perch in rows round the edge of the bath, gracefully lowering and raising their heads as they drink.—H. T. F.

AN OWL'S CRY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I live in a wooded district in Wales, and very often in the evening I hear brown owls hooting. I love owls, and would not have them shot or frightened for anything. Also I have heard lately another cry which sounded something like "Keewik," or "Kiwik." This is repeated several times. Can you please tell me if this is the cry of a brown owl or some other owl?—C. M. ARCHDALE.

[Most probably it is the cry of the young brown owls which, at this season of the year, are waiting in the trees to be fed.—ED.]

PLAYMATES.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I have lately taken this snapshot of my small sister grooming her bob-tailed sheep dog, and wondered if it would be suitable for your columns.—EDITH H. OLDHAM.

GEORGIAN STAIRCASES.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Referring to your descriptions in COUNTRY LIFE of Roehampton House and of Beacon House, Painswick, it is curious how many staircases exist of that date which are of exactly the same pattern. There are similar

staircases at Wingerworth Hall in Derbyshire, which was illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE some few years ago, and curiously enough in a house called Sabine Hall in Virginia, U.S.A., which was advertised for sale in COUNTRY LIFE. The date of the latter house was 1735. In 1895 I was fortunate in buying, out of an old house in King's Lynn, a very fine staircase of the same pattern, each step having three balusters; in fact, a *facsimile* of the staircase in the houses named. I also bought the painting that was on the ceiling, which is evidently by the same artist (Thornhill) who painted the ceiling at Roehampton House. The peculiarity of my staircase is, that the stairs and balustrades are of oak. The standards at the end, the corners of the staircase, the hand rail and all the ornamental work are carved mahogany. All these houses, with the exception of the one in Virginia, appear to be of the same date, about 1710-20, and the same style of architecture and, I should say, by the same architect. The old house in Lynn where my staircase came from is now pulled down, and the fine old stone front has been purchased by the Earl of Orford and added as an entrance to his house at Wolterton Park. I enclose a photograph of my staircase.—SOMERVILLE A. GURNEY.

[It is hardly necessary to assume that the same architect was responsible for all these staircases. Tradition was very strong at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and joiners worked largely from pattern books which circulated freely.—ED.]



FINISHING HIS TOILET.



AN EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY STAIRCASE FROM KING'S LYNN.